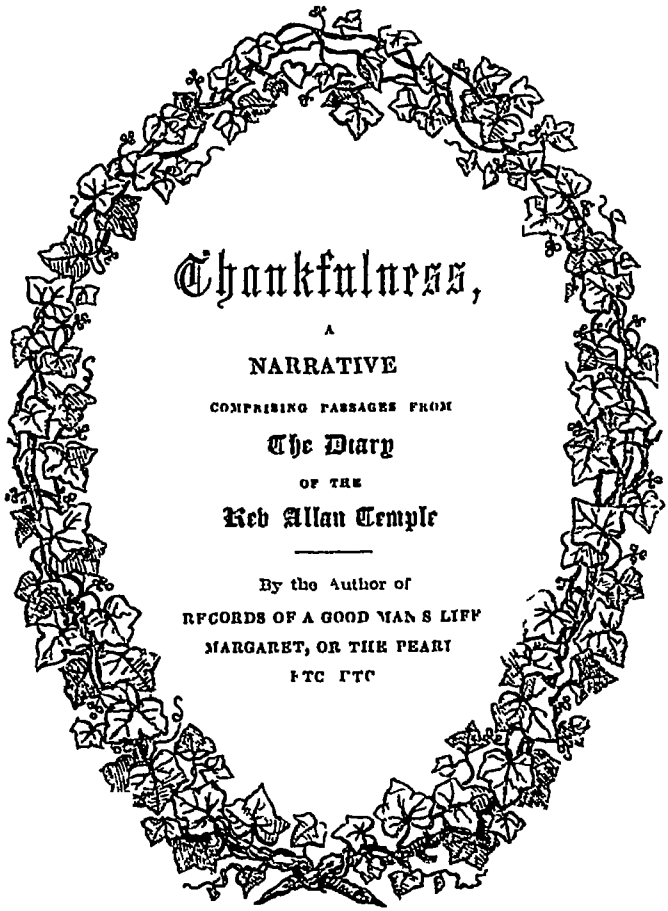
THANKFULNESS



BY THE REV

CHARLES B. TAYLER,

M A



Thankfulness,

A

NARRATIVE

COMPRISING PASSAGES FROM

The Diary

OF THE

Reb Allan Temple

By the Author of

RECORDS OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE

MARGARET, OR THE PEARL

ETC ETC

1848

SAMPSON LOW, 169, FLEET STREET,

LONDON

TO

THE VISCOUNTESS HILL,

OF HAWKSTONE

Dear Lady Hill,

May I beg you to accept the dedication of this volume, as a slight token of the high esteem of its author, and a testimony to the quiet consistency with which God has enabled you to fulfil the duties of your station, in which you have proved that you consider the highest and happiest calling to be that of a humble follower of our Blessed Lord That God may bless you, and your noble husband and your children, and enable you long to adorn the honoured name you bear, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

CHARLES B. TAYLER

THERE is as essential a difference between the sorrow of the world, which worketh death, and that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life, as there is between the mirth of this world which is vanity, and that holy rejoicing in God, and in all His gifts, which produceth thankfulness. Yet who is there that has not received a call to thankfulness? The very least return that a father expects from a child for a gift that he has bestowed upon him, is that of thankfulness, and the child of earthly parents appears more like a churl than a child, if he is unthankful. But the great God of heaven and earth, the Giver of all good things, pours down His blessings upon His creatures, and, alas! how many there are who neither thank Him, nor even think of Him! The poor murmur and are unthankful, because they are poor,

and covet what they have not, instead of being thankful for what they have The rich receive God's providential blessings as a matter of course, and regard them almost as their right They were born among the affluent or the upper classes, and have naturally no deep sense of their dependence upon God for everything they enjoy, and make no return of thankfulness to Him We too often behold a case like the following —A poor man, honest, industrious, upright, earning his bread with the sweat of his brow and receiving little more than daily bread, is taught by the *circumstances* in which he is placed to feel his dependence, and, by the unforeseen way in which his dread of want is relieved, to acknowledge his dependence and sometimes, (alas, not always!) sometimes an almost irresistible impulse, after some surprise of mercy in the way of relief, constrains him to thank God for His goodness He had been brought to a state in which he saw no prospect of relief, and thus had been led to spread the burden of his cares before God in prayer His prayer has been

answered, and he cannot but feel grateful and express his thankfulness But these trying times, as he deems them, pass away, and he begins to thrive in the world, and to rise above the world, and the dread of want is gone He is now in what are called easy circumstances, but the sense of entire dependence upon God is now also gone He has become in every sense independent, or rather he has exchanged a humble dependence upon God for His blessings on his own exertions, for a God-forgetting self-confidence—Years pass on, and he becomes a rich man He has now received unnumbered bounties from God One might suppose that as the mere circumstances of want and distress almost forced him to his knees and prompted the prayer for relief, so the circumstances of abundance and prosperity would fill his heart with gratitude, and draw from his lips the tribute of praise and thanksgiving, but is it so? we know that usually it is not Well might the prayer of a wise man be "Give me not riches, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say,

they murmur even at a change of weather—it is too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry Alas! ought this spirit ever to be met with in a child of God? The pure, calm blessedness of heaven can never be ruffled by a single breath of discontent, how then can the wilderness-way be made to the followers of our Blessed Lord the path to that heavenly rest, if it resound with the murmurs of the heavenward pilgrims? If really a pilgrim, you can have no cause for murmuring, but every reason to sing as you go forward, for who has cause for thankfulness if you have not?

The following pages may tend in some manner to illustrate the above remarks, and to prove the gracefulness and happiness of the life of a thankful Christian, and the fresh springs of joy which open perpetually upon his onward path through this fallen and ungodly world May God give His grace and blessing with them to the reader, for Jesus Christ's sake

Otley Rectory,
January 17, 1848

THANKFULNESS.

"I will offer to Thee, sacrifices of Thanksgiving"
PSALM 116-17

TWO roads are before me, and who is this, whose gentle voice breathes in my ear,—Do I not know that countenance? It is not to me, that it hath no form, no comeliness, no beauty No He is altogether lovely I hear what *He* says to me "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" But do I really hear this voice? does it penetrate deeper than into the mind? does it sink into my very heart, brought thither by the guidance of the Spirit—the Spirit that quickeneth, and brings the word, not merely as an intelligible sound, but with power? "O Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice, cause me to hear it" I hear, and I obey,

I turn from the wide gate, and from the multitude who throng its stately portals, for is it not written by the wise man "Enter not, and go not in the way, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away"?

This is the strait gate! there are but few companions for me here—a little company Singly and separately they draw nigh they are warriors, but pilgrims What an expression is there on every countenance! what mingled firmness and gentleness! They have set their faces like a flint, and yet a divine sweetness shines forth from the spirit within them

There is, I now see, a running pattern of letters, forming a rich tracery round the portal This is the inscription "The path of the just—The way of holiness" And above the gate this invitation meets the eye "Enter ye in at the strait gate" On the gate itself, are these words "We ought so to walk, even as He walked" This is the gate of which the Lord has said,—"Few there be that find it" But I have found it, because He has led me, and guided my steps, and I hear Him saying,—"This is the way, walk ye in it" I will thank God, and take courage, and go forward

My choice is made, my course is taken. Oh thou most gracious Lord, whom we profess to serve, who, that really loves Thee, can turn from the loving invitation Thou hast given? It is to follow Thee—to walk where Thou hast walked Was not the gate straight to Thee—shall we desire that it may be wide to us? was not the way narrow to Thee—shall we wish it to be broad to us? It is the way that leadeth unto life, and I know that it is through much tribulation that we must enter into life Oh let not the soul of Thy servant be discouraged by reason of the way It is only by the way that discouragement can meet me, and whatever the trials of the way may be, I shall come forth from them at length struggling successfully through every cloud It will, it must be so, if I am indeed Thy servant, for "the path of the just is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." I may be sometimes sorrowful, but I will, by Thy grace, be always rejoicing, and I will in every thing give thanks

The following pages contain the narrative of a life which, in some respects, was a bright illustration of the foregoing remarks How it has fallen in my way, and whether the history of the Revd Allan

Temple is that of a real individual, I do not intend to disclose The truth and reality of the principles, and the experience of the person whom I introduce to my readers, must not, however be doubted It is not, I may be told, the history of "man as he is" It may, or it may not be, I reply, but of this I assure my reader, it is that of a man as he ought to be Little known or noticed in the wilderness of the world, he went on his quiet way, his calling was assuredly at once the lowliest and the loftiest on this earth, and so he deemed it. He was willing to be the servant of all men, but he seems never to have forgotten that he was the minister of the Lord God of heaven and earth, the minister of Christ, the steward of the mysteries of God His calling was to stand between the living and the dead, in the highest sense, even between the living God and a dead world His commission was ever before him, and that commission was the ministry of reconciliation He was among his fellow-men as an ambassador for Christ, and, as if God did beseech them by him, he was ever praying them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God, for this reason,—that God had made Christ to be sin for them, who knew no sin, that they might be made

the righteousness of God in Him It might have been said of his preaching, as it was of the preaching of one of the most remarkable of the servants of God's sanctuary in these latter days

> "'Twas death to sin, 'twas life
> To him who mourned for sin,
> It kindled and it silenced strife,
> Made war and peace within'

It is not, however, of his ministerial life only that the record is given in this volume his diary, and the narrative which accompanies it, will be found to bring before the reader reflexions and incidents relating to his personal experience and character as a man, and though the man seems never to have forgotten that he was a minister of the gospel, yet the record is as much that of the man as of the minister,—his life in his family and in his study, as well as in his parish, is presented to the reader The chief point, indeed, to which the attention of the reader is called, is the spirit of thankfulness which pervades the whole life of this disciple of Jesus Christ His course is, in many respects, the course of an ordinary life, but it is brightened throughout by this blessed and beautiful light

Thoroughly convinced of his own unworthiness, and that he deserved nothing,—deeply impressed with the goodness of God to him,—walking by faith, and not by sight,—he recognized the hand of God in everything,—God, who is Love,—God, whom he loved and looked up to as His reconciled Father in Christ He knew that every event is ordered by that glorious and most gracious God, and the conclusion to which he came was this,—that everything which happened to him was a call for thankfulness His whole life spoke one language, it was the answer of faith, and love, and joy, to a voice from heaven unheard by many, but always heard by him, a voice which said to him, "In everything give thanks"

Now, then, reader, come and make acquaintance with this thankful Christian, come and read the record, which is here set before you, of his happy life It may be,—(God grant that it may be so!)—it may be, that you will rise from the perusal of these pages a more thoughtful, and a more thankful, man,—that you may learn there is a duty which you have been sadly deficient in,—the duty of thank-

fulness a privilege, a joy, which you have hitherto been deprived of,—the joy of thankfulness

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How much do we all owe, under God, to the instruction and the examples of a father and a mother such as mine There is a fine proverb in the Holy Bible that, "a wise son maketh a glad father", I can add to it, from my own experience, another proverb, namely, that "a wise father maketh a glad son" "Come hither, Allan," he said to me when he saw a shade hanging on my brow—I had been disappointed —"Come and read what is written here" and he opened a book which he was reading. it was a volume of sermons He turned to a passage where the leaf was doubled down, it began with these words, "It is written in the Holy Bible, In every thing give thanks He pointed with his finger to the words "What is it you have read?" he asked, and I repeated the words, "In everything give thanks" "How should you apply this, Allan?" I did not answer, for I could not tell "I think," he said, "that if in everything we are to give thanks, then you, for instance, should give thanks for your disappointment." I fear that the cloud did not clear away under the

influence of my father's words He added, with a sweet gravity, "I do not use lightness, when I speak thus, my dear child, nor do I wish to tease you by needless admonitions, I feel for you, when you are disappointed, but I call upon you in this, and in everything, to give thanks You wished for sunshine and a cloudless sky, but you do not have your wish The rain is pouring, and the clouds are gathering slowly for a rainy day We must remain at home, there is no choice for us We must submit, either with a thankful cheerfulness, or with a thankless moodiness,—which is the better temper of the two? Which state of mind is likely to make us happy? I will tell you a short story, dear Allan A gentleman travelling in a misty morning, asked of a shepherd, (such men are often skilled in judging on such matters), what weather it would be? 'It will be,' said the shepherd, 'the weather that will please me' 'Explain yourself, my friend,' said the gentleman, courteously 'Sir,' said the shepherd, 'it shall be that weather which pleaseth God, and that weather which pleaseth God, pleaseth me' Learn from this shepherd, my dear child, to be pleased with whatsoever it may please God to send you, let it be weather

or anything else, and, in everything give thanks" My father had, before this, taught me another lesson, —one which, under so gentle and so wise, and withal so decided a teacher, I could not choose but learn it was the lesson of obedience The shade cleared away from my brow, perhaps it was knit with thought, but certainly it was not again contracted with ill temper

Two days after—for the rain continued all that time—we set out on an excursion It was the first that I had ever made to such a distance My father had often said, "when you are ten years old, Allan, you shall go to Nant-y-Rhaidei" From the hill behind our house I had often gazed upon the mountain which rises above that wild and lovely valley, with wishful eyes, and the promised excursion was the greatest treat my father could have given me I never knew the time when I did not find delight in beautiful scenery The morning was bright and cloudless, the earth beneath our feet smelt like violets, from the freshening rains which had sunk into its parched surface, all nature seemed to sparkle with sunbeams and raindrops and we mounted our horses, my father his old grey, and I, my stout poney In the lanes, the dust, which had risen in clouds only a

few days before, was laid The loose sandy road across the heath was firm and settled, and the dead grass was regaining its greenness on the road side strips, and on the hedgerow banks

Nant-y-Rhaider was the first *mountain* valley I had seen, and the character of its scenery was quite new to me My father listened with smiles to the exclamations of my admiring delight as we wound our way through its deep defiles, where at every turn some new beauty opened upon us Long before we came in sight of it, we heard the roar of the waterfall tumbling over the steep and lofty rock which closes up the end of the valley This was the chief object of the excursion and the termination of our ride Awe struck with the grandeur of the scene, I gazed in silence upon the huge masses of dark rocks cutting sharply upon the intense blue of the heavens, and the broad stream of shining waters which came rushing from their summit into the foaming pool beneath

An old shepherd was tending his sheep on the flowery greensward at the foot of the waterfall My father entered into conversation with the shepherd They were looking up to the broad full stream of the waterfall, and as I drew near them, the shepherd

said, in reply to some observation which my father had made, "Why, sir, had you come but two days ago, you would have seen but a thread of water trickling over the rocks It is grand to-day! I never saw such a body of water and so great a rush"

"Allan," said my father, "can you not now understand why it may be well to give thanks for a disappointment? I purposely left the lesson to work out to you its own proof I might have given you reasons, but I did not "Learn from this, that in everything, that for every event of God's Providence, the child of God will be doing not only wisely but well to give thanks"

I spoke of obedience among the blessings for which I am deeply thankful, I must give this a first place,—that my father required from me an unquestioning obedience He sought in every wise and gentle way to win my confidence He was the kindest and most indulgent of fathers but on this point he was inexorable If he said that a thing was to be done, he taught me, and he expected me to obey—he suffered me not to ask "why?" he allowed no reasonings I had but one thing to do, and I did it, namely, to pay an implicit obedience to his orders He knew that I could trust him, and that I was fully conscious

of his right to claim my obedience, and I learned to obey him without hesitation and without a question Yes, I thank God for this, and under God I thank my dear father,—I see the wisdom, and I gratefully acknowledge the use of such training—the importance of such a system The earthly father was thus preparing his young child for the dealings of his heavenly Father with him, when grown up to man's estate Now that I am no longer a child, I know and feel the benefit of having been taught in my childhood to yield an implicit obedience to my parents For instance the Lord God is pleased to visit me with some affliction—I could not question Him—I could not ask, "why?" or discover, at the time, the reason of so severe a visitation, all that I know, is that He wills it, and all that I can do, is to yield my will to His, and to obey At some future time I shall learn His reasons, but not now I must submit I do so (His grace assisting me), I do more, I acquiesce I say, it is well! "Not my will, but Thy will O Lord be done" The rebellious heart is become the child's heart The lesson of obedience thus learnt, by one who walks by faith, prepares him to add, to the payment of his obedience, the tribute of thankfulness

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A few leaves of the diary of the Rev Allan Temple are now before the reader, but it has occurred to the friend who has undertaken to look over his papers, and to arrange some of them for publication, that the interest of the volume would be much increased, by his introducing in the form of a narrative some further account of the writer The reference which may be made by Mr Temple to persons and places would indeed be scarcely intelligible unless accompanied by such a narrative

Allan Temple was the third son of Sir Arthur Temple, Baronet, of Temple Pleasance, in the county of S——re few families in that beautiful and pleasant county were more respected For many generations they had been settled at Temple Pleasance, the old family seat The villages of Springhurst and Temple Underwood belonged to them, and they had been lords of the manor on that side of the county from time immemorial Their riches had never been great, nor their estates of wide extent, but their character had always stood high, and their influence in the county second to none The eldest son of the

family had been usually one of the members for the county, and had been always returned by the electors without opposition The Temples were proverbial for high honour, and for truth and uprightness They had much dignity, but little pride They were accessible and even courteous to all beneath them in rank or station of life, and their genuine kindness of heart was set off by an honest English plainness, too rarely met with, not only in the present day but at all times

The old mansion of Temple Pleasance had been chiefly built in the reign of James the First, by an Italian architect It was of white stone, subdued and softened by time, in what is called the Palladian style of architecture, and stood out boldly from the magnificent pine woods which backed it. Wild hills, almost of a mountainous character, rose high above the wood behind the mansion, and formed an effectual screen from the north winds The house itself stood high upon a long green knoll which rose abruptly in some places from the valley of the river S———, and formed a natural terrace of more than a mile in extent Its aspect was bright and sunny, even in winter, and it well deserved the name it bore It

was a Pleasance In every sense, a very pleasant place The house had evidently been built at a period when the Temple family were wealthier than they have been of late years, for it was considered by some as almost too grand a mansion for the estate but Sir Arthur Temple and his admirable wife lived within their income, and were enabled by judicious economy to be bountiful to the poor, and hospitable to all And thus it was that the family of Temple Pleasance had established a character of long standing for all those virtues which win for their possessors a good name in this fallen world their loyalty and their benevolence, their justice and simplicity of character, had won for them golden opinions from all classes They had their prejudices on some points they were high tories, and had an hereditary horror of dissent in every shape, which was only exceeded by their dislike of the Roman Catholic Church But all their prejudices against principles were so softened by kindness of heart, and gentleness of manners towards individuals who differed from them, that their opinions were respected even by those who were the most opposed to them

The old baronet had married late in life, and was

the father of three sons and one daughter Allan, the third son, and his sister, were born several years after their two elder brothers The eldest son, Cuthbert, had no profession, he was a man of a powerful mind, and well educated He had visited foreign countries and turned his travels to account and though his position as the heir of the paternal estate would have justified him in the eyes of the world for being without a profession, he abhorred idleness, and had made for himself many callings On being returned to Parliament, he had, though declining a place in the government, applied himself diligently to the consideration and the reform of various popular abuses in his own county, especially as regarded the habits and management of the poor, and endeavoured to introduce with judgment and intelligence many plans which have been since adopted and incorporated in the laws of the land He was a man of simple habits, possessing more talent than any of his family, though perhaps less refinement than his younger brothers, and he was looked up to and loved with singular affection by every member of his family

Arthur, the second son, was a clergyman, a peculiarly amiable man, and an elegant scholar

Being a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he was frequently resident at his University, but on the death of his uncle who held the family-living of Springhurst, he left College and took possession of the incumbency His health was delicate, and when scarcely nine-and-twenty he died His intimate friend and college pupil, Mr Falkland, had been his curate, and, at his request, Sir Arthur Temple had entreated Mr Falkland to hold the Living till his youngest son Allan, then a youth of eighteen, was old enough to take it Not a question was raised by the old Baronet as to the fitness or inclination of Allan for the ministry of the Gospel He looked upon it as much a thing of course that the second son of the family should be ordained with a view to the Living of Springhurst, as that his elder son should inherit the family estate As for Allan Temple, though in his brother William's lifetime his thoughts had been turned to the army—he offered no objection when his father told him that he must prepare for college and wear a black coat, and not a red one—the very words the old baronet made use of

The parish of Springhurst was some seven miles distance from Temple Pleasance, and the family were

accustomed to attend at the church of Temple Underwood, a smaller Living, adjoining the park, which had been held for more than half a century by a kind old man, formerly a tutor in the Temple family, and distantly related to Lady Margaret Temple His divinity was of an old dry school, and his sermons possessed but one recommendation, that from their shortness, they presented as little as possible of the peculiarly uninteresting and unedifying theology which they contained As if by common consent, his whole congregation had long given up the attempt to comprehend the drift and meaning of his discourses, they were in fact carefully copied out of sundry dull old volumes which lay hidden in an old bookcase, that was always kept locked, and the only pains good old Mr Jennings had ever taken with them, was to extract, with much care, the little point they once possessed, so that they might fall with all the unharming power of blunted weapons upon the consciences of his respectable but listless hearers

Allan Temple was in due time ordained and after serving as curate for a year in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, he came to take possession of

the Living of Springhurst It was generally supposed that he would have requested Mr Falkland to remain with him, and several of the leading parishioners addressed a letter privately to him, expressing their deep regret at the prospect of Mr Falkland's departure, and offering to provide a house for his residence, in the hope that Mr Temple would invite him to remain Mr Temple, however, informed them that he had made other arrangements, and that he expected a curate to follow him to Springhurst, and that it was, therefore, out of his power to comply with their wishes He had, in fact, heard from some other parties such accounts of the strange doctrines preached by Mr Falkland, that he had taken a strong prejudice against him, and so far from being pleased with the interest and affection shewn by some of his parishioners towards him, he was extremely annoyed by it and thought it his duty to get rid of one whom he looked upon as a dangerous fanatic He determined not to remain in the parish until Mr Falkland had quitted it and after having read himself in, and done the duty in the church for one Sunday, he set off for Scotland on a tour, which

he intended to prolong till the period should arrive for Mr Falkland's departure

He was on his way home from Scotland, when an incident occurred, which, under God, was made the means of effecting a thorough and vital change in his views and principles He had arrived in Glasgow from a tour in the Western Islands, and determined to remain quietly there for a few days On the morning of his arrival his curiosity was excited by the crowds of people whom he saw hurrying past the inn where he sat at breakfast, and inquiring of the waiter what it meant, he was told that the great Mr Whitefield was about to preach that morning in the High Church yard The man added, with a grave look, and a strong Scotch accent, that he hoped the young gentleman would take no offence if he begged him to let him clear away the breakfast things as soon as might be convenient, as he was wishing to go and make one of his hearers Mr Temple was annoyed by the man's request, and made some contemptuous remark, but was too kind hearted to disappoint him, and after hurrying through his breakfast, he rose up, and asked the way to a quarter of the city which he knew to be in an opposite direction

to the High Church adding, with a bitter remark, that he wished to get as far away as possible from the methodist preacher and his followers The waiter, who had been struck before by the peculiar sweetness of his manners and appearance, looked at him, but said nothing there was an expression, however, of calm and sorrowful concern on his countenance, which affected the young clergyman in spite of himself As the man afterwards told him, he was at that moment lifting up his heart in secret prayer that God might deal with him as he had dealt aforetime with Saul of Tarsus, and take the spirit of opposition to the truth out of his heart Mr Temple caught up his hat, and left the room immediately and while the man was removing the breakfast, he saw the young clergyman pass under the window For a few moments he stood there, watching him, and still praying for him, till he turned the corner of the street, and his prayer was now, that He who leadeth the blind by a way they know not, might lead the feet of that young and amiable gentleman to the spot where the faithful servant of Christ was preaching

Now it happened, that as Mr Temple walked along, obstinately bent to get out of the way of the

fanatic, as he termed him,—with a contradiction natural to the human heart he changed his purpose; and said to himself, "I am unknown here, and may have an opportunity, if I choose to avail myself of it, of judging for myself as to the extraordinary reports of this man's preaching I have a great mind to go and hear him It would be out of the question to do such a thing in England, but here I can hide myself in the crowd, and be unrecognized Tell me," he said suddenly to an aged and venerable woman, who was passing along, supporting her steps by a tall walking-stick, and evidently making the best of her way to that place, "tell me the way to the High Church yard"! "An ye'll be going, my bonny bairn," she replied, "to hear the preaching of the Godly George Whitefield, and if ye'll just follow me, I'll tak ye to the vera place" Notwithstanding the quaint broad speech of the old woman, there was so much of calm grave dignity about her, that he followed her as she desired him, and soon found himself making one of the immense crowd assembled to hear the sermon

They arrived in time to hear the text given out, which was taken from the 4th chapter of Luke, 18th

and 19th verses "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord" The extraordinary power of the preacher's manner, grappled, as it were, with the young man's spirit from the moment he commenced his sermon, and held and kept down, as if enchained, every faculty of his mind in mute and breathless attention "Though you are all here," said the preacher, "sitting seriously in the presence of God, with desire to hear His word to your profit, yet I cannot but think it will engage your attention still the more, if I inform you that the words now read, seem to be one of the first texts on which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself preached, when He came to publish the glad tidings of salvation to a benighted world." After dwelling for a short time on the occasion when the words were spoken by our Lord, he went on to say "These words may plainly be referred to gospel ministers as well as to Jesus Christ", and he added, "I shall first endeavour to

prove that every minister before he pretends to have orders to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, from a full evidence of a work of conversion passing upon his own soul, ought to be enabled, in some degree, to say, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to preach the gospel'"

Allan Temple held down his head, the words which he just heard had set him thinking about himself For a few minutes he scarcely heard what followed, till these words sounded, not merely in his ears, but in his very heart —"It is certain there is now a great degeneracy through all the christian world, and though there may be many reasons assigned for that deadness, that lukewarmness, both in their principles, discipline, and practice, yet I am fully persuaded that one great reason is this, that many pretend to preach the Lord Jesus Christ, that are strangers to the power of Jesus Christ upon their own hearts There are many who do run before they are called of God, and therefore it is no wonder they do not profit the people at all a dead clergy will make a dead people It is absolutely necessary, before a minister undertakes to preach the gospel, that he should have an experimental acquaintance with the

Lord Jesus Christ a man when he comes out to preach, should preach so feelingly that all who hear him might take knowledge of him, as the scribes and pharisees did, that he has been with Jesus It was a shocking question which Jesus Christ put to Nicodemus—"Art thou a master in Israel? Dost thou pretend to be a teacher of others, a guide to those that are blind, to instruct others in the nature of true religion? and knowest not these things, art not acquainted with the new birth thyself"

"It is poor preaching," he afterwards said, "to preach an unknown Christ for my own part I would not preach an unknown Christ for ten thousand worlds Such offer God strange fire, and then sermons will but increase their own damnation It is absolutely necessary, therefore, for all ministers, before they undertake to preach the gospel to others, that they themselves should be taught of God" All this was new, and strange, and startling to Allan Temple But the words he heard were that sound speech which cannot be condemned—they were the words of truth and soberness, and of a sound mind They might have been met by him with opposition and anger, but it was not so Doubtless an unseen

power was present, and accompanied the words They were the manifestation of the truth to him, and they commended themselves to his conscience in the sight of God Almost every sentence which he heard brought before him some great truth, to which he had been hitherto a stranger He thought of his own ministry, in the parish where he had officiated as curate for the last year His spirit quailed and trembled within him, but he could not turn away—he would hear all "It may not be improper," said the preacher, "to relate a story a good man gives an account of There was a presbytery of ministers met together, and one of their number preached In his sermon, he made a supposition that the last judgment was come, and that Jesus Christ was now upon the throne of His judgment, calling His ministers to an account He asked one of them, 'What did you preach for?'—says he, 'Lord, there was a patronage in the family of £150 a year I therefore took orders to get the presentation' 'Stand then by,' says He, 'verily thou hast thy reward' He asks another, 'what did you preach for?'—and he said, 'I preached that I might be reckoned a fine orator, and to have

applause of men' Says He, 'stand then by, verily thou hast thy reward,' a third comes, and He said unto him, 'and what did you preach for?' says he, 'Lord, thou knowest my heart, I did not seek to please men, and though many infirmities have passed in my ministry, I did it with an upright design to promote Thy glory' Jesus Christ immediately cries out, 'Make room, angels, for this my dear servant! Thou hast honoured me on earth, sit here by me on my throne'" It was a quaint story, and though he who told it, spoke with a deep and earnest solemnity, which gave almost a sublime grandeur to his words, the terms which he used might have been deemed offensive to good taste; and had they been on any other subject, Mr Temple would have been shocked by them He was a person of peculiar refinement, even to fastidiousness His studies up to that time, and the companions whose society he had sought, had been such as suited the tone of his mind, but the voice and the spirit of truth had penetrated to his heart, and its depths were opened and laid bare to a light which had never shined there till then, and the light like that of the sun was accom-

panied by a vital warmth which had never glowed there till then The light and the warmth were indeed from Him who is the Sun of righteousness

As he stood hanging on the words of that extraordinary preacher, he began to see and know himself for the first time, as he really was, and for the first time the glorious gospel of the grace of God opened upon him in all its divine simplicity, its fulness, and its power The sermon was over; but he stood still there, rooted to the spot, while the crowd were moving and dispersing around him Some of the concluding words of the preacher were still thrilling in his heart "I would have you, my dear friends, feed on Christ by faith with thanksgiving, that is, real feeding on Christ. Those who know what it is to be born again can feed on Jesus Christ I hope some of you are feeding on Jesus Christ, and I am sure you have precious food I have been but a little while in Christ's service, but I hope I have fed on Him, and, O! He is mighty, mighty sweet May God give you grace to feed on Him—as you grow in years so may you grow in grace Let ministers preach Jesus, let them venture their souls for preaching

Christ" The crowd were almost gone, but still Allan Temple stood absorbed in his own thoughts—with a deep sigh he woke up from his abstraction—"What think ye of this preacher?" said one who stood near him, to an old man, whose long white hair fell in waves upon his shoulders, and whose dress declared him to be a minister of Christ "My son," the old minister replied, "one of those men who have turned the world upside down has come hither—I say Amen to that sermon of his," he added, with deep reverence, "and I thank God for it with my whole heart May God give his gracious Spirit to all of us who have heard it, and may the world be turned upside down in all our hearts" "But there were some mocking and jeering a' the time, gude sir," said another speaker "It was the same in the auld time, my bairn," said the aged pastor "When Paul himself preached, some mocked, but others said, we will hear thee again on this matter —Gude friends," he continued, looking gravely round him, and as he did so his eye caught and fixed that of Allan Temple, "beware of dealing with the truths you have just heard, and with your own souls, in a light spirit—may the Lord, in his infinite mercy, give unto us all

heavy and sorrowful hearts, till the burden of all our sins be laid upon Him, who alone can bear them, even upon the Lord Jesus Christ I am an old man, but I have never heard the gospel preached with such power and unction, as by that young English minister I thank God for the day which has brought such a voice to the streets of our auld town, and to the braes of our bonnie Scotland Gae yer ways hame, and thank the Lord God—but gae to prayer for the Spirit, that the word ye have heard this day may witness not to your confusion and dismay, but to your joy and your salvation at the last great day,—and ponder it in your hearts, that when the word preached, is truly the 'sweet savour of Christ unto God'—it will be no less and no other but, 'a savour of death unto death,' where it is not, as I pray it is to yourselves to day—'a savour of life unto life'"

The testimony given by the old Scottish minister to the preaching of Whitefield, was in full accordance with the opinions formed both of him and of his preaching by other ministers in that northern land "I look upon this youth," said one, "as raised up of God, for special service, and spirited for making new and singular attempts for promoting true christ-

ianity in the world, and for reviving it where it is decayed, and I see him wonderfully fitted and strengthened both in body and mind, for going through with his projects amidst the greatest danger and difficulties I see the man to be all of a piece, his life and conversations to be a transcript of his sermons, it is truly a rare thing to see so much of God about any one man, to see one so eminent for humility in the midst of applause, for meekness and patience, under reproaches and injuries, for love to enemies, for desire to glorify Christ, and save souls, contentment in a mean lot, acquiescing in the will of God in all cases, never fretting under any dispensations, but still praising and giving thanks for everything It is rare to see in a man such flaming fire for God and against sin, when in the pulpit, and yet to find him most easy and calm in conversing with men out of it, careful not to give offence to any, and yet never courting the favour of any "

Truly does this account agree with the character given of Whitefield by the most elegant, and most christian of our English poets, Cowper

"Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek,
I slur a name a poet must not speak),

Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot
The man that mentioned *him* at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered, and hissed,
His crimes were such, as Sodom never knew,
And perjury stood up to swear all true,
His aim was *mischief*, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense,
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool,
The world's best comfort was, his doom was past,
Die when he might, he must be damned at last —
Now, Truth, perform thine office, waft aside
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride
Reveal (the man *is* dead) to wondering eyes,
This more than monster in his proper guise —
He loved the world that hated him, the tear
That dropped upon his bible was sincere,
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life,
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed
He followed Paul, his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same

Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends and ease,
Like him he labored, and like him content
To bear it, suffered shame, where'er he went,
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies,
And say,—Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
Against Thine image, in thy saint, O Lord!"

This was the man, the preacher of the everlasting gospel, who stood forth as an ambassador for Christ, and from whom, on that memorable day, Allan Temple received and embraced the vital doctrines of the truth No elegant Athenian in former times, had ever more ignorantly worshipped an Unknown God than he had But the arrow of conviction had entered into his heart's core, aimed by the Spirit of God, and was not extracted thence until the divine and healing balm was poured into the wound by the same mighty Agent

The following day was the Lord's day, and Whitefield preached again on the morning and evening of that day Among his hearers, humble and teachable as a little child, thirsting for the milk

CHAPTER THE SECOND

"Glasgow, September 29, 1741

I AM led by the circumstances of the last few days, to think very sadly and very seriously of The Family Living Alas it has well nigh proved a deadly snare to me I was about to enter upon the charge of more than a thousand souls, with scarcely a thought of the awful responsibility of the office of a Christian Pastor Competence—ease—an elegant retirement—the companionship of my sweet Lucy—my favourite books—my pleasant Rectory—the lovely scenery of Springhurst—these were the subjects uppermost in my mind A vague idea floated before me, that I should wish to be a good clergyman, but so vague was it, that I had never attached any definite form to it, or been at the pains to do so I have thought almost as much of becoming a shepherd

on the mountains of Wales, and feeding sheep in the valley of Nant y Rhaidr, as of taking the oversight of the flock of Christ's sheep, and of 'feeding the church of God,' which he hath purchased with his own blood —And what have I been about?—Sending away from the people of Springhurst, a faithful and true shepherd of the sheep, one, whose voice the sheep know, and loved to follow, and I have been on the point of introducing myself—a hireling—a mere hireling—among them Alas, perhaps he is already gone!—It may now be too late to recall him! Forgive me—forgive me, O my God!—What I have done, I did it ignorantly in unbelief But I am at last awakened—my eyes are opened not merely from sleep, but from blindness The scales have fallen from them, and whereas I was blind, now I see O let this be a day never to be forgotten—a day to be had by me in everlasting remembrance—a day not only of deep humiliation before God, but of deep thankfulness to Him It is the day of His Grace and tender mercy to my soul, may it be the day of His power in my real conversion to Him, and to His service How little did I think that I should receive His message of life to my soul—His call

to the ministry of His church, from that despised preacher, that holy and gifted messenger, whom I, in my presumption and ignorance, have despised and derided—I who am not fit to sit at his feet But I must write no more of this diary, for I must write to Mr Falkland without delay, and not let another post depart from Glasgow without its bearing my letter to Springhurst.

To The Rev Hugh Falkland
Glasgow, Sep 29th, 1741

Reverend and dear Sir,—After the short and ungracious letter which I addressed to you some months ago, you will not be prepared for that which I now send Let me, however, in the very first place humbly ask your pardon for that letter, not for the expressions it contained,—which were courteous enough,—but for the spirit which dictated it At the time I wrote, I knew neither myself, nor you How could I? for I was still in that natural blindness of an unconverted heart—I could not see the kingdom of God. But He, who came to open the eyes of the blind, and to reveal Himself to those whose eyes He opens, as the sun of righteousness—has graciously opened my

eyes and manifested Himself to me For the first time in my life I know myself to be a helpless sinner, and I know Him to be an Almighty Saviour I have been so miserably ignorant, that I have regarded you as a deluded fanatic, and myself as wise and enlightened But, blessed be God! I am now ready to take my proper place—and to sit at your feet, and look up to you for instruction and guidance as my spiritual director in Christ. I beseech you, if it be possible,—to remain at Springhurst, not as my curate there, but on half the stipend of the Living If you will consent to this, I shall feel deeply grateful to you, and my mind will be more at ease The benefit of such an instructor, and such a coadjutor as yourself, will be great indeed to me You were my brother's friend, oh, take me in his place! Let me at least try to replace him to you as your friend and associate, or rather let me be your pupil? Teach me the way which God the great Teacher has taught you—how to win the souls and the love of the people of Springhurst! I am really not fit to take the charge of that parish—I am very ignorant, and quite inexperienced In granting my request, you will therefore be conferring an incalculable benefit

both upon my parishioners and upon myself The cause of the great change which God has wrought in me I will relate to you when we meet, which I heartily trust will be very soon I propose leaving Glasgow to-morrow May I beg the favour of your addressing your reply—I hope a favourable one—to me, at my father's, with whom I shall probably be in a few days?

I remain, dear and reverend Sir, with much respect and affection, your obedient Servant in Christ,

ALLAN TEMPLE

Postscript—Should it be altogether out of your power to remain at Springhurst, may I look to you to recommend to me an assistant in the ministry, of your choosing I had been in treaty with a gentleman whose sentiments are the same as those I lately held, but I have frankly stated to him the reasons why we could not work together The curacy of Springhurst was in a pecuniary sense no object to him, and in his reply to my letter, he has somewhat indignantly declined every connection of the sort with me

Temple Pleasance, October 16

A letter from Mr Falkland has arrived My letter found him not at Springhurst. He cannot return He has accepted the charge of another flock where he is more needed even than he is at Springhurst But what a guide, what a friend I have lost! and that through my own rashness, or rather blindness! But, no, I have not lost a friend I have gained one, not merely, I trust for this life, but for eternity How kindly and how admirably he writes! He truly loved my brother, and he tells me I am henceforth to him in my brother's stead He has much to tell me, he says, of Arthur's last year at Springhurst, and of the marvellous change which took place under God both in my brother and in himself during that last year of their being together at Springhurst I now recall several circumstances which somewhat perplexed me at the time, but which I had since almost forgotten—my dear father's marked displeasure at some of Arthur's proceedings before he was taken ill, and the coolness which arose between my father and Mr Falkland Neither he nor Arthur came near us for some months I remember how distressed my mother appeared on one occasion,

when I found her and my father together,—I remember her words, "But what if they should be right, and we wrong!" and she added, "The dear child fears he has displeased you, and he does not come" She was reading a letter, doubtless, from Arthur, and her tears were falling fast over the paper My dear father was unusually stern Mr Whitefield had been preaching in this neighbourhood at that time Mr Adams, the old squire, as they call him, dined here that day, and he and Mr Jennings were telling many ludicrous stories about Mr Whitefield, and ridiculing his peculiarities my mother was grave and silent, but my father laughed with them The old squire said, that he heard that the two parsons at Springhurst were a little tainted; and then my father said, "You must ask my lady whether your news is true, for Arthur writes in a strange incomprehensible style to her, and I tell her that she is almost as much of a Methodist as he and Mr Falkland" It was soon after this my mother heard that Arthur was ill Alas, he was very ill at the time She drove over within the hour to Springhurst, and came back in great distress, for she brought with her a sad account of poor Arthur

He was alarmingly ill, and we had not known it, and he never recovered She and my father went again the next morning, and she remained with Arthur till he died As for my dear father, he was melted to tenderness and love, all his displeasure was gone —how well I remember all this! and surely it is to this, that Mr Falkland alludes

Good, excellent man! He cannot return to remain with me at Springhurst, but he will come to me after Christmas, God willing! and stay with me a month or longer,—in fact till the curate whom he has recommended, joins me there

He has left some books for me at the Rectory He little thought, he tells me, when he went, that I should receive them, as he is now convinced I shall They were my brother's gifts to him I have deeply lamented his departure from Springhurst, but I must do so no longer I must pray for more of his wise and thankful spirit "I recognize", he writes, "the hand of Him who is infinitely wise and good in my removal from Springhurst, and in all that has taken place in connexion with it. In my ignorance I made it a grief, I now see in it a call for joy and deep thankfulness to Almighty God! Let us," he adds,

"rejoice and thank Him together The language of those who walk by faith must be always that of thankfulness" I see that he has referred to some passage of Scripture at the conclusion of his kind affectionate letter at the bottom of the page, beneath his name, I find this text, (Phil iv, 6), What is Scripture? I do not know it! O how ignorant I am of the word of God! and yet His minister! "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your request be made known unto God, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ"

I must return to Springhurst this afternoon, but I am glad that I came over to day for this letter

Well, I must not have that earthly friend and guide to work with me, as I had fondly hoped, in my vineyard, but is it not written, "Certainly I will be with thee", and is not His grace all sufficient? Is not He ever present? Has He not said, "I will guide thee with mine eye"? What do I need after this? what, but a more thankful spirit Lord, give thy servant grace in this and in every thing to give Thee thanks and praise for ever

October 18

I have no reserves with my dear father, I never had,—I never will have He has at times a stern manner, but it is nothing more than manner I know the tenderness of heart beneath that manner like a a warm and gushing stream beneath a surface of ice From a child I have understood him, and he has understood me I have never feared him, except when I have done wrong, and felt that he would not and could not bear sin in me, and that I deserved the severity and correction which he would be sure to visit me with At such times I dreaded the keen and searching expression of his eye,—that expression which is, I may say, almost peculiar to him I never saw it in any other eyes. But at all other times, when I could look up into his dear face, and feel within a clear and unconscious mind of having done wrong, I could always speak to him with an entire confidence I have walked with him, ridden with him, sat with him for hours, talking to him with a delightful freedom—a freedom tempered only by that perfect respect which I know I must ever feel towards him, and which I suppose every one must feel in his presence I have always been so certain that he loved me even

more than most fathers love their sons, so certain that I love him as few children love their fathers, that I have never had a wish to keep anything back from him How often, when a boy, have I rested my arm on his knee, as I sat at his feet, and looked up full in his face and told him all my thoughts and wishes, with as little reserve as to another boy of my own age! How often have I thrown my arms round his neck and whispered to him the confession of some fault, and wept with heartfelt grief when I saw the pain which my sin occasioned him! Of course I have no reserves with my dear mother, what child ever had with his mother? and who ever could with such a mother as mine?

I have many causes of thankfulness but among them, few greater than this, that God has given me two such kind parents If dear Arthur was in any thing to blame, it was in this that he did not show an entire confidence in my father He concealed nothing, he loved and spoke the truth at all times, but he was always a reserved character—shutting himself up, as it were, from almost every one, but my mother and Mr Falkland. My mother often tried to win him to speak with as little reserve to

my father as to herself, but this only caused a greater estrangement between them, and at last she gave up the attempt It was not till his last illness that he opened his whole heart to my dear father, and the most perfect confidence was established between them

I would not wait till the change which has taken place in my views and in manner of life had called forth the questions and perhaps the censure of my father I made up my mind to tell him plainly of my change, and the immediate cause of that change I had many things to attend to before dinner, but I ordered my horse to be brought round an hour after, to ride over to Temple Pleasance, and determined to find an opportunity of having a long explanatory conversation with my dear father I had scarcely returned to my study,—having gone myself to give the order to the groom,—when my father entered the room "Well, Allan, how are you! I am come to pass the morning with you, to look over your house, and walk round your garden, and to see what improvements I can suggest I have a little money to spare, to answer for any expenses which may be incurred in such improvements This is a comfortable

house enough for a bachelor, but your dear mother thinks, and so do I, that it has scarcely the accommodation, and certainly not the lightness and elegance, which we should wish Lucy's house to possess I have promised her, therefore, to build you one or two new rooms, and she intends to give you a greenhouse out of her own pin-money, to fill up the little space between the drawing room and the study I suppose about a year hence you will be thinking of marrying Lucy will be then twenty-one, and until that age, it was the wish of her good father, as expressed in his will, that the dear child should not enter into the married state" I expressed my thanks in warm terms for his kindness, and for that of my dear mother, it was only of a piece, and so I told him, with all their goodness to me, but I added that I feared my union with Lucy Harrington might not be so near as he supposed There might be an insuperable impediment.

"Why, how now!—what does the boy mean,' said he, "what new wind has sprung up here?—Not marry!—impediment!—on whose side, I should like to know? Is it not an early attachment? What, are you going to turn Papist, and forswear matrimony?

or don't you love the sweet girl? or do you doubt her love for you?"

"Neither one nor the other of all your surmises, dear sir, but will Lucy be so sure to marry me, when she knows I am what the world calls a Methodist?'

"A what?" he cried, with a look of astonishment mingled with so much of alarm, that I could scarcely resist a smile, but I did so. I had no thought or wish to smile on the subject, or to treat it lightly, or him disrespectfully.

"Father," I said gravely and calmly, "when I last saw Lucy I was a thoughtless worldling. I thank God I am so no longer. My affection for her is unchanged and unchanging. It is—I can say from my heart—deepened and strengthened by the higher character which it has assumed. But whatever it may cost me, I will not marry, should I find that Lucy Harrington and I are not of the same mind on that point. It is the only one of real importance. I will be true to Lucy, and I will marry no other, but I will be true to God and to myself, and I will not marry her, if she does not agree with me on that point."

My father had been standing with his hat on, and

his whip in his hand, he now took off his hat, and laid it and his whip on the table, and seated himself in a large arm-chair "What does all this mean?" he said, with a very serious look and manner, and there was a momentary fire of his peculiar glance in his eyes "Do pray, Allan, explain yourself!"

Arthur's favourite volumes, which Mr Falkland had left for me, lay spread out on the table, I had been looking over them, and into them A volume of Leighton on St Peter's First Epistle was open, as it happened I had been reading the observations of the author on the third chapter of that Epistle not half an hour before, and my thoughts had been turned by what I read, to the subject of my union with sweet Lucy Harrington It had occurred to me, that a fiery trial was perhaps before me I had laid down the book and prayed for grace that I might come to a right decision, and for strength to do simply what is right in God's sight.

"Here is better language than my own, sir It will express to you what I would wish to say and to do with regard to marriage, and I may add, to the union of myself and Lucy in that sacred bond 'Aspire to that good which is the only match for the soul,

that close union with God which cannot be dissolved, which He calls an everlasting marriage, Hosea ii, 19, that will make you happy either with the other, or without it The common spring of all mutual duties on both sides is to be supported by *love* That peculiar conjugal love that makes them one, will infuse such sweetness into the authority of the husband, and obedience of the wife, as will make their lives harmonious, like the sound of a well-tuned instrument whereas without that, having such a universal conjunction of interest in all their affairs, they cannot escape frequent contests and discords, which is a sound more unpleasant than the jarring of untuned strings to an exact ear '"

"Good, very good," said my father, "I agree with every word, and like your author right well Who was he?"

"Leighton," I replied, "Leighton on St Peter"

"Leighton!—Leighton!" he cried, "I know but one by that name—a fellow in the reign of good king Charles, who had his ears cropped off for his sedition, and richly deserved it"

"No, no, dear sir, he was an injured man," I replied, "but it was not he who wrote this book it was

his son, the admirable Archbishop Leighton, one high in favour too with a bad king, Charles the Second."

"Strange enough," said my father, "I never read a line of his, or heard one, till now!"

"I begin to think, dear sir," I said, "that with all respect towards you, we have hitherto read too much on one side Tillotson and Clarke and South were men of great talent, but there is a sound scriptural raciness, a divine spirituality and a living vigour in some of these authors" (and my eyes were turned to the volumes which lay on the table before me) "which I have never found in the others"

"And what are those said books," he asked, "and where did they come from?"

"They were Arthur's books, part of his library, which he gave to Mr Falkland, who has given them to me"

For a minute or more, he made no remark, but became more grave, and a shade of thoughtful sadness passed over his face "Well," he said at length, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I shall read those books, I shall like to read them"

"But I have not done, dear father, I have more to say on the subject of marriage"

"You were reading some excellent remarks on love and marriage," he continued, "and of course I should not recommend the one without the other no one should marry who does not love the woman he espouses But as to your love for Lucy Harrington, I thought every one who knows you and her was tolerably well acquainted with the fact, that you are both deeply in love, and I don't see that your author makes out more on this head than we are both agreed upon"

"Leighton is not speaking," I replied "of love, in the common acceptation of the word He is—it is evident to me—speaking of a higher, holier love even than the pure, strong, tender affection which subsists between my sweet Lucy and myself He is speaking of that love, which He, who is Love itself, infuses into the hearts of those who have been taught under the power of the Spirit and the Word of Christ, that he who loveth wife or husband more than Him, is not worthy of Him My father, I have loved our lovely Lucy more than I have loved Him I know it now I confess it before God with deep shame and sorrow of heart. How she may love me, I cannot tell, but I fear, from what I know of her love

to our blessed Lord, and her views of His claims upon us (for I fear that she is still in the state in which I lately was,—unawakened to the fact, that 'One thing is needful')! I fear that her affection for me is very much of the same character that mine but very lately was for her *This should be considered in the choice,*" I continued, again referring to the volume of Leighton, "and this I would consider with regard to her who was my choice, and still is, so far as inclination can go, my heart's choice But I will not, I cannot, marry till there is such a perfect understanding between Lucy and myself, that we may not be running the fearful risk, by our union, of endangering, or at least embittering, the peace and comfort of our whole lives, as husband and wife"

"All this is very strange, my dear Allan," said my father mildly He was softened by the emotion which he could not help perceiving that I felt, and which my manner expressed plainly enough "All this is strange, and you are, for the first time in your life, incomprehensible to me"

"I trust the time will soon come, dear, kind, sir," I said, "when we shall, as we have always done, perfectly understand one another I wish, in fact,

to have some conversation with you on the one subject which now occupies my whole heart,—not to the exclusion of other subjects,—but imparting, by its vital influence, a new character to every subject. You remember that miracle of our Blessed Lord's, when He restored sight to the man who had been born blind, and the answer of the man to those who questioned him, in order that they might have a ground of accusation against our Lord 'One thing I know,—that, whereas I was blind, now I see' Thus, in a far higher sense, has been the case with me I, who was born blind, and have walked in darkness, have been enabled, by the power of a miracle of divine grace and mercy in my soul, to say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see' Filled with absurd and bitter prejudices against the excellent man whom, at Arthur's dying request, you placed in this parish till I should be enabled to undertake the charge of it, I left home on a tour in Scotland, resolved not to return till he had quitted the place About a week before I left the North, while passing a few days at Glasgow, I heard that Mr Whitefield was about to preach there Perhaps few persons had a more thorough contempt for that extraordinary

man than I had at that time I was extremely angry with a poor man, the waiter at the inn, because he gave me to understand that he would like to clear away my breakfast with as little delay as possible, that he might go to hear the preacher After breakfast I rushed out in the opposite direction from the High Church, where I found he was to preach How and why, I cannot tell you, nor account for it to myself, but as I hurried away, I was suddenly led to change my mind I went to hear him I saw a young man, not many years older than myself, but truly he looked and spoke like a messenger from God. It seemed, at first, to me, from the fire and force of his eloquence, as if one might have said to him as Festus said to the apostle Paul 'Thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad' But a moment after I was reminded—by the internal evidence which every word carried with it of the truth and reality of his address—of the apostle's reply 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness' And I might say of myself, as Paul said in that same address, it was indeed with me as if a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, was shining

round about me for truths new and startling, revealed doubtless by that divine Spirit whose office it is to enable us to realize the things of God in all their heavenly light and power, rose like the sun, when he cometh forth in his strength, full before me I could not, and I would not, resist the force of his appeals

"Father, I thank God that I have seen that day It is the one great epoch of my existence,—a day which I shall never cease to bless and thank God for"

My father stared at me with widely-opened eyes while I was speaking, and then his lip curled for an instant with a bitter and contemptuous smile "My dear boy," he said very quietly, "I knew you were enthusiastic, but I never thought you would come to such an absurd pitch as this to be caught by a mere field preacher I do not say that you are mad, but allow me to say you prove yourself to be egregiously weak, even to absurdity"

"Those are cutting words, my father," I replied, "to come from you, but I tell you, with all due respect to you and to your opinion, fully owning, and delighting to own, your influence with me, and, if you please, your authority over me,—for I have the

deepest sense of the duty which a son, at every age, owes to his father,—I tell you that I cannot, and will not, speak of this matter lightly I cannot be smiled, or rather ridiculed, out of my present state of mind I tell you, with all seriousness, that I was well aware, before I entered upon this subject, that you would treat it as you do"

"Allan," said my father very gravely, "It was wrong to smile, or, as you might have said, but did not,—sneer No I am as serious as yourself in this affair, but I have lived longer in the world than you have, and I must say to you, plainly but calmly, that I am both pained and grieved to find you so deficient in common sense, and so ready to talk nonsense Don't tell me of your Whitefields, and any of that set of men, who have lately started up, as if they alone were fitted to enlighten the world I am sorry for you,—very sorry for you As for arguing with you on such subjects, I do not, and I will not attempt it Go, if you will, and join yourself to your extraordinary preacher, and let me hear of you, as I suppose I soon shall, preaching in Moorfields, and joining in all the vagaries of your fanatical field-preachers"

"You forget, sir," I said solemnly, "that—that the inspired apostle was a field-preacher, nay (I speak it with reverence), our Blessed Lord was also one Let me set your mind at ease, however, by assuring you I have, at present, no intention of running what you would deem an erratic course I am not, I know, fitted and gifted to be a field-preacher my proper place and sphere, so it appears to me, are at Springhurst, and at Springhurst I hope to labour in the calling and ministry to which I have been appointed by God I am no fanatic Whitefield is no fanatic, though men who are in their natural blindness may rail at him as such No, he would say to such men, and to all men,—'Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God, or whether we be sober, it is for your sakes' He, and all those who are no longer in darkness,—but are children of the light, and messengers of the truth and love of God, —may well say 'Let us who are of the day be sober' Those were indeed sad, sober, nay, awful realities, of which he spoke with all the weight of one who had done with trifling for ever, and who seemed, as he spoke, to stand in the very presence of God, and to speak the word which he heard from

His mouth But, my father, allow me to say that, supposing Mr Whitefield to be mistaken in his way of proceeding, and in his manner of preaching, allowing all the peculiarities, and even absurdities, which his opponents bring against him,—what have the faults of the messenger to do with the message which he bears? O! it matters little to the condemned and trembling criminal, who is about to be led out to execution, by what hand the pardon—to which the king's sign-manual is attached—is brought to him It dispels at once all the terrors of his soul it bids him live, and not die, and he receives it with unspeakable joy Such has been my case, nay, I have received the welcome by which the Lord God has said to me, as the father of his returning prodigal 'This my son was dead, and is alive again, he was lost, and is found'"

My father heard me in silence he offered no remark. He sat with his eyes fixed on the ground, but the expression of his countenance was now mild yet thoughtful I secretly raised my heart to God in fervent prayer, both for him and for myself He was still silent, and he did not rise "My dear father," I continued, "I must say one more word to

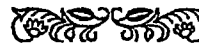
you on this subject I must beg you to bear in mind, that I do not speak to you as to another person You have honoured me with your friendship and your confidence, and as your friend, no less than your son, I confide to you my secret thoughts,—I tell you every thing,—without a single reserve I ask not for your opinion of Mr Whitefield, but I do ask your advice—your unprejudiced judgment—upon what I have told you of myself You will not, I am sure, refuse me, nor treat my deep anxiety with indifference or lightness, when you come to consider this matter calmly, to weigh its great importance, to search deeply into it, as it is set forth by God Himself in His inspired Word I ask you, as my own friend and adviser, to do this I know you will do so, if only for my sake,—for the sake of my present peace, and my eternal welfare—may I add respectfully,—for your own Think of Arthur's dying words to you, recall the hours, the days, you passed with him You have not spoken of them to me, but I can now, from what I know of his state before his departure, form some idea of what must have passed between you at that solemn period This letter of Mr Falkland's"—(and I took from

the drawer of my desk a letter I had received that morning)—"has told me much of what took place during the few weeks previous to my brother's death I know what his state of mind was I know with what mingled earnestness and tenderness you appeared to receive everything that he said to you in Mr Falkland's presence O take this letter with you I should like you to read it, and think over its contents, when alone"

"I will do so, my dear child," he replied, and as he raised his eyes to me, I saw that they were filled with tears He grasped my hand closely, and taking up his hat and whip, he left me But in a moment after he came back "I will come another day," he said, "and look over your house with you" Then he stood thinking for awhile, but just as he turned away he said "You are not to suppose, Allan, that your brother, or Falkland, ever went to hear Whitefield preach"

"I am well aware of that, sir," I answered, "but it was from the testimony of a poor dying man in this parish, who had gone to hear Mr Whitefield, that they were both led to search the Scriptures as they had never done before, with earnestness, with

diligence, and prayer for divine teaching, till they found in its clear depths the one pearl of great price They learnt more of their own ignorance and deficiencies, and more of the only way of life, beside the bed of that poor dying cottager, than they had ever learnt in the whole course of their lives before And here let me say, with reference to myself, dear sir, that it is more merely owing to my going to hear that extraordinary young man (for such he is) that I have been brought to my present state of deep conviction, and, I hope, to more,—to a vital conversion to the doctrines and the principles of the truth I have, since then, made the Word of God my constant study I have scarcely opened another book, and I have never read, or I should say, searched and studied, that Inspired Volume, without praying from my very heart, that the Holy Spirit might be present with me as my teacher and my guide It is, I repeat, the message, not the messenger, to which I owe every thing It is the claims of that message, and of Him who sent that message, that I entreat you to consider"



CHAPTER THE THIRD

LUCY Harrington was an orphan, of an old but decayed family her mother had been a German lady, and distinguished by the friendship and confidence of the amiable Princess Caroline of Anspach, to whose court and service she was attached before her marriage with King George II She had come with her royal mistress to England, and had married, some few years after, the Hon Mr Harington She died in giving birth to her only daughter, and the amiable and excellent Queen Caroline had undertaken the charge of the helpless infant Her education had been conducted with great care and judgment, and she had been appointed, when growing up into womanhood, one of the maids of honour to the Queen She had one brother, who had been the

school and college friend of Allan Temple Mr Harrington was the intimate friend of Sir Arthur Temple, and, on his death, he left him guardian to his son and daughter Thus it was that Temple Pleasance had been, almost from their childhood, the home of Charles Harrington, and Lucy, when not in attendance on the queen, had lived almost exclusively with the Temples, either at their town-mansion in Soho-square, or at Temple Pleasance

The death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, had been the means of removing Lucy Harrington from the court At the time of Allan Temple's first going to reside at Springhurst, Miss Harrington was absent from Temple Pleasance, paying a long promised visit to one of her father's relations in Wiltshire, and her stay was still prolonged Lady Vernon, with whom she was, had been alarmingly ill, and, from her great age, little hope of her recovery was entertained But the good old lady did recover, and her youthful relation found herself of such use to her, and was so happy in her society, that she felt it no less a delight than a duty to remain with her till she was quite restored to health

The morning after the interview just recorded in

the diary of Allan Temple, between himself and his father, a letter came from Miss Harington to Allan It was the first she had written to him after his settling at Springhurst and formally entering upon the charge of that portion of the Church of God which had been there committed to pastoral care He expected one of her usual letters, a transcript of herself, and filled with her usual sentiments,—her admirable sense, her fine taste, her delicacy of thought and feeling, and her charming affection (for charming it was to him) for himself but a new spirit breathed in every word With a grace peculiar to her style and to herself, she spoke of the deep interest she felt in all that she trusted would interest him in his new and awfully responsible position Without a shade of aught that could be deemed dictation, she spoke of the charge of Paul to the elders of the Church at Ephesus "*Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood*" She told him how constantly those most impressive words had been before her when she thought of him, and when she had found herself almost unconsciously realizing his present situation She had prayed, she told him, till her whole heart seemed subdued with the emotions

within her, that their Heavenly Father would pour out His Holy Spirit upon him, and so pour fresh light into his understanding and love into his heart, supplying him daily with renewed life in his spirit, that, as his day was, so his strength might be As for herself, she added—From that time, she could only think of herself as one who was the wife of a minister of Christ she could not help identifying herself with him—her interests with his interests—her duties with his duties,—her cares with his cares Yet her whole spirit shrunk within her whenever she thought of herself as called to be his helpmate in so arduous and so awful a position She felt how weak, how wretchedly weak and sinful she was, how utterly unworthy to be called to so high an honour, as that of the wife and companion of a minister of the sanctuary of the living God! But she trusted they should be made by His grace, both one in Christ (the only enduring bond of that union to which she looked forward with him), and she believed—she would not doubt—but that His grace was sufficient for them both Long before he had read thus far, the letter had trembled in his hands and was literally bathed in his tears, the sweetest tears he had ever shed He

had read the letter again and again, he had turned it to see if the direction was to him, he had looked intently at the signature, to see if it were really her name in her well-known handwriting "Surely, surely," he said to himself, "my eyes have deceived me, this cannot be Lucy's handwriting, or I am in a dream" But he was in no dream, and there could be no doubt as to that clear, fine hand, with eyes so used as those of Allan to the formation of its every little letter She spoke of her aged relation towards the end of the letter, of the glorious faith which supported her in heavy sufferings, of the principles which actuated her at all times, the hopes which shed their heavenly radiance over her declining years She had sometimes pictured to herself, she said, what a Christian gentlewoman might be, but how far short her conceptions had fallen of what the reality was, as she had found it in Lady Vernon Never could she express the deep thankfulness of her soul to Him who had brought her to the house of her aged kinswoman

And now Allan could see it all the mystery was cleared up It was to the influence of the aged Lady Vernon, under God, that the marvellous change in

his Lucy was to be attributed One sentence—that with which the letter concluded—perplexed Allan "I have hesitated, my beloved friend, though I have written this letter, whether I should send it to you How will you receive it? But no, you will not misunderstand me" "Does she mean," he asked himself, "that I shall not be able to understand the new language of this letter, or does she fear that I shall accuse her of dictating to me on points of the highest importance? But let it remain a mystery to me till we meet, or till she writes again in reply to a letter which will at least show her that He who has been her teacher, has been also mine and that by His grace we have both been brought to the vital knowledge of the same inspired truths, and have been made, as she expresses it, both one in Christ"

"And I had resolved," said Allan Temple to himself, after a long pause,—the open letter still before him,—"never to marry even my own sweet Lucy, while the impediment to our union which I dreaded, existed, and if I thank God for giving me the strength to come to this decision, though it wrung my very heart when I thought of it, with what deep delight and with what adoring thankfulness do

I receive, in this letter, the assurance that my fears were groundless, and that during our absence from each other, the same gracious Lord has been present both with my Lucy and with myself Yes, and by His Holy Spirit, He has revealed Himself to us, drawing and constraining us to love Him sincerely, because we now believe, that He has set His love on us, and loves us with an everlasting love, a love which He has proved to be above every love, for He has given His life's blood as the ransom of our souls and bodies,—He has taken our place and suffered death upon the cross, that he might bring us to God "

October 14

"I have returned from my first visit to my flock I have been first among the poor I went to teach, and I endeavoured, I hope in a really humble spirit, not to lose sight of my office as a teacher and pastor among them, but I find that I am, notwithstanding, rather a learner than a teacher under many a lowly roof Not that I have yet found any of them putting themselves forward to teach their minister what they consider to be his duty (and this I frankly confess I did expect to find—I have heard of such a spirit in some parishes) In Springhurst, however, I do not

yet find it What a touching simplicity, what a deep earnestness, I beheld in that poor aged widow who lives in the hovel, (for it is little better, with its one room) at the end of the wood! How rejoiced she seemed to be to speak to me of the letter she had received from dear Mr Falkland, telling her that she would find that her gracious God had sent them in their new minister, as she called me, a pastor of the same spirit as his brother (our dear Arthur)! She grieved that she could not shew me the letter—which is such a beautiful letter—because she had sent it round among the neighbours, as she knew the writer would have wished her to do, to rejoice their hearts as it had gladdened her's I shall not forget the lovely expression on her aged countenance, the mingled intelligence and serenity which spread over it as she sat down on her low chair and turned towards me, and, as it were, composed her spirit to listen when I opened my Bible, and, after offering up a short prayer for guidance, read part of the 14th chapter of St John's Gospel to her Nor shall I forget the few remarks—so modestly made, put rather in the shape of questions than observations—with which she spoke to me of the passage I had read Not a word

was spoken during my short exposition and application of that Scripture, and until, closing the Bible, I had commenced conversing with her Oh, what a mistake we are under in supposing that the poor and unlearned are not capable of feeling and understanding that Gospel message which, our Lord had told us, is expressly preached to them Alas, I might go into many a saloon in the mansions of our upper classes, before I should hear sentiments more beautifully descriptive of the true character of vital and experimental piety—sentiments more fresh from the heart, and expressing more of that largeness of mind which is given to those whose views have received their expansion direct from Him, whose Spirit fills all space—than those which I heard to-day from that poor and lowly follower of our blessed Lord I could but think as I looked at her (and my thoughts rested, not only on the outward signs of extreme poverty, but on the internal marks of a still deeper poverty, not of mind, but of heart), that I beheld before me a lovely realizing of His gracious words Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven I spoke to her of her outward poverty, and I could not help commiserating what I considered her distress Was

I right in this? certainly I was not wise She looked astonished at the supposition that she suffered from distress She had her daily bread, she told me, with a gentle smile, and who has need of more? the Lord who feeds the young ravens when they cry, had always supplied her wants, and though at times her faith and her patience had been tried, surely He had not called upon His children to walk by sight. She had found, and she blessed His name for it, that she had as often been led to call Him in that place, Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide there were other poor creatures, she had no doubt, more sorely tried than ever she had been but whether it were so or not, she knew this, that it was a grand thing to be learning, as she had long been, the lesson which the Apostle had learnt when he said "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

I learnt many lessons in that humble dwelling, but the chief was this, the lesson of thankfulness It was not the profession of thankfulness, which is easily made, where the good things of this world abound No, there the inward spirit was really tested, there the eyes of the worldling would see nothing but extreme misery, there the exercise of

faith was truly difficult to the natural heart even of the enlightened believer, but there it manifestly shone forth, emitting a gentle radiance which spread itself over all that was coarse and common The sweet spirit of contentment was there, but there was more, there was a higher spirit present,—there was thankfulness And thus the first lesson that I have learnt on entering upon the duties of my calling, in this place, the first visit that I have made, has renewed the lesson (which I ever desire to be learning, which I trust I never may forget whenever I go among this interesting people), on that text from which I received instruction at an early age from my own dear father How gladly I recur to his words, to the disappointment of my boyhood, to the mountain valley, and the rushing waterfall, where I was taught to understand the wisdom of that expressive passage of Scripture "In everything give thanks"

In another house I was as much struck by the repulsive expression of the mistress, the mother of two little girls, who were helping her in folding and ironing a basket of newly-washed linen, with all the method and neatness of grown-up women They had been evidently well taught by their mother My

visit, at such a busy time, must have been an interruption, and I expected to see an additional cloud upon her heavy brow, but I was mistaken The spirit within was quite unlike its earthly tabernacle, though, perhaps, the countenance had originally derived much of its unpleasant expression from that spirit, in its unchanged state

Seeing my Bible in my hand, she asked respectfully, if I had intended to read to them, and on my telling her that I had wished to do so, but that I would come at a more convenient time (the words "more convenient" probably struck her), she replied, that she well knew it to be a foolish and a fatal mistake to put off, as Felix had done, to a more convenient season, the hearing of such a message as that which our Lord has sent to us in His Holy Scriptures I told her, that I saw by her spirit that she had been brought to put the things of God in the first place, and that I should delight to read to her, but that I still thought it would be as well to come on the following day "Sir," she said quietly, "if I am to prefer the word of God more than my necessary food—shall I not also prefer it to my necessary work? Besides, sir, we shall have time, and to spare,

to get through the ironing of this linen—it is but a small wash—long before night-fall, and have it all out of the way, and straight and tidy before the master comes home He is out at work at a distance to day, and has taken his dinner with him We must not be cumbered about many things, or any thing, for one thing is needful Kindly allow us then to choose that good part—and to hear the word of Christ Mary, set a chair for the minister, and Nanny, do you draw out the round table and set it before him, while I put the irons down to the fire And now, sir," she added, having replaced her coarse apron with a white one, and curtseying as she spoke, "we are at your service, and may the Spirit of the Lord be with you, and with us, as you read to us from that blessed book We shall go back to our work with new spirit after the sweet refreshment of those words of life Cleanliness is, they say, next to godliness—how that may be I know not—but I know I love cleanliness, still I am sure it must not be put before godliness—as it would be, by us, if we thought so much of our clean linen, as to prefer going on with getting it up, to hearing the words of eternal life"

Surely I have cause to be thankful here also, to find so refreshing a spirit in another member of my flock!

October 16th

Two of the persons among my parishioners who had been so anxious to keep Mr Falkland among them, were a Mr and Mrs Harcourt.—They were in fact the individuals who had offered to provide a house for him at their own expense, and it was to Mr Harcourt that I had addressed my reply, courteously but decidedly declining the offer of the house, and saying that I had made other arrangements, and that I had engaged a curate, and should therefore require no further assistance I found on my return from a round of parochial visits the day before yesterday that Mr Harcourt had called in my absence —his card was lying on my study table The Harcourts belong to the same class of life as myself, and their estate of Springhead belonged formerly to my family, but was purchased by Mr Harcourt's grandfather, of a great-uncle of mine who resided there There is no spot in this immediate neighbourhood so lovely as the deep green valley which forms his

domain The situation of Temple Pleasance is grander, but not nearly so beautiful as that of the mansion of Springhead. The valley itself is very like the sweet valley of Gresford in Denbighshire—a clear bright river flowing with graceful windings between lofty but sloping hills covered with the greenest verdure, and in some places finely wooded with groves of noble trees The vale of Springhead is to me a still more charming spot, perhaps I prefer it for possessing a more secluded character The stream is as bright as that of the Welsh river, but the opposite hills are higher, and approach nearer to each other, and the trees are of larger girth and more luxuriant foliage The stillness which seems to prevail there, broken only by the gurgling of the river and the warbling of birds, the deep greenness of the verdure and of the spreading trees, has sometimes sunk through the ear and through the eye into the depths of my heart like the very spirit of quietness

My father had been on intimate terms with Mr Harcourt's uncle, an old bachelor of eccentric habits, and a famous fox hunter in his day, always riding the finest horses in the country, and celebrated for leading the field, but since his nephew had suc-

ceeded to the place, our families had rarely met My parents had called on Mr and Mrs Harcourt, and they had returned the call, but they had declined an invitation to one of the great dinner parties at Temple Pleasance They had never been seen at the county balls, and when a boy I had sometimes heard my father say that he supposed Mr Harcourt was as strange a fish as his old uncle, only in another way, which he suspected might not be a pleasanter one Still the character of the Harcourts, so far as they knew anything about them, stood high with both my dear parents They had met once or twice at the Rectory during my brother's illness, Mr Harcourt never having omitted a day calling to inquire about him Since that time my father had spoken of Mr Harcourt as one of the most well-bred gentlemen in the county, and he was no doubt a downright good man, though singular in some of his ideas, and perhaps righteous over much Today I have returned Mr Harcourt's call I must own that I looked forward with some little uneasiness to the visit I felt that they might with reason entertain a prejudice against me I was just setting off on my walk to Springhead, when the letters were brought in, one from Lucy, which I put into

my breast pocket after having pressed my lips to the seal, reserving the reading of it to some quiet nook in the lovely vale of Springhead, the other from Mr Falkland, which I opened immediately and read as I walked along I could not help smiling as I read in the postscript, "I know you will like the Harcourts, I trust you will be much together, I am sure you will be—for you are of one mind and one heart on the one subject" I was pleased with what I read, but I said to myself (such is one's natural spirit of contradiction) I am not quite so sure I shall like the Harcourts, I never did like eccentric persons, and whatever Mrs Harcourt may be, I rather suspect *he* is one of your eccentric characters After reading my Lucy's charming letter on the gnarled root of an old tree by the river side, and forgetting all else for an hour or more as I mused on its contents, I hastened on to pay my visit Mr and Mrs Harcourt were at home, and I was shewn into a large and pleasant room, the library, commanding an exquisite view of the green and fairy valley beneath A book was lying open on the table near the window, one that I had never met with before, it was Herbert's Poems, and I could not resist reading a few lines

"A book which I must have!" I said to myself as the door opened, and Mr and Mrs Harcourt entered Where were all my prejudices gone? I had not been half an hour with them before all were gone, and they had won their way so far into my heart, that I was saying to myself, I may indeed thank God for giving me such parishioners among my flock, and such companions for myself I now ask myself what it is that so immediately won me? I find no difficulty in answering It is their genuine kindness of heart True indeed it is,—who does not bear witness from his own experience to this truth?—that the law of kindness always wins its gentle way with irresistible power Their looks and words breathed the very spirit of kindness! How kindly they welcomed me! and there was at the same time a simple sincerity in all that they said, which commanded one's respect. They are persons of middle age, with nothing remarkable about their appearance, but that expression and manner which evidently betokens a higher kind of life than that which we find in worldly society There seems no narrowness of mind about them, no peculiarity of phrase, but there is at the same time an utter absence of all that is vain and trifling in their

conversation And now and then a remark was made, an expression dropped,—even with regard to the commonest matters,—which, though it might be but the straw on the stream, shewed plainly enough that the flow of the whole current was in one direction They are spoken of as singular, and doubtless there is a godly singularity about them on all subjects where principle to God is concerned, there is no singularity in trifles They seem the very opposite of that description of character of whom our Lord hath said, 'They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.'"

We conversed, however, on some subjects which were wholly of a religious character,—for their thoughts seemed naturally to take an upward direction the love of Him, whose love to them constituted their chief happiness, seemed sweetly to constrain them to speak of Him They told me much about my departed brother and his friend, Mr Falkland, and many little circumstances connected with the change which took place in them, deeply interesting to me, and known probably only to themselves "Nothing, however," they said, "had struck them so much, as the humility produced by that change, perhaps the best proof," as

they added, "of the existence of the mind that was in Christ Jesus,—which was spoken of by the apostle, as preeminently His mind" Mr Harcourt made an observation, which struck me, on this fundamental grace "It was remarkable," he said, "that pride should be accounted the characteristic sin of him who was cast down from heaven to the lowest depths of degradation in hell, humility the characteristic grace of Him Who occupies the highest place—far above all power and dominion and glory in heaven and added that humility came therefore recommended to us as with a royal grace attached to it, since the Christ of God, and King of kings, Who might have come down to earth arrayed in robes of glory, had worn the dusky garment of humility Surely, said he, we read in this an intimation not to be mistaken,—if we would receive the lesson,—that, since it was thus that our Divine Master appeared among us, leaving us an example, we, His servants, should desire to be also clothed with humility We see, in fact, that it is thus the loveliest and rarest graces adorn men of a humble heart and the cause may easily be traced to this fact,—that God giveth grace to the humble How

striking is the exhortation of the apostle Peter on this point! how affecting, as coming from the lips of him who had been, at one time, the most arrogant and self-sufficient of our Lord's disciples, 'All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble' But alas!" he continued, gravely, "it is easy to talk about humility, how different, and how difficult a thing it is to be really humble"

I came away feeling that it was good to be in the company of such persons as Mr and Mrs Harcourt, and hoping that I had learnt something worth retaining in that visit

I may thank God that the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places This valley was lovely in my eyes before, but it has now assumed to me a higher character of loveliness It is, indeed, a fair type of its possessors nature has given to it the charm which grace has given to them

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October 18.—The Lord's Day

I humbly and heartily thank God for the mercies of this day Its services had presented almost an

awful character to me, for I felt that I had before performed the duties of my ministry as a hireling, and that, for the first time, I had come to feed the flock of Christ's sheep as a pastor The weight of my responsibility oppressed me so heavily, that I felt my heart almost die within me, and it was only after wrestling with that unseen and glorious Being, the sense of Whose presence at once alarmed and strengthened me, that I was enabled to leave my study, for the church, with any thing like self-possession Surely the calm which gradually came over my whole inward frame was immediately from Him Who rebukes the winds and the waves,—for I was calm, and I stood up to commence the services of the day as if One stood by my side and strengthened me It seemed to me, from time to time, as if the breathings of a still, small voice came close to me with these words of strong assurance "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" And now the blessed labours of the day are over, I sit alone in this silent room, and I think on the mercies of my God to me this day My strength has been, I now see, that sense of entire dependence upon Him which kept me, as it were, clinging

to the arm which upheld me, looking to the eye which directed me, and calling to Him from the depths of my soul, Now, gracious Lord, give me more light, now, Lord, put forth Thy strength Ah, I begin to comprehend those wonderful words "Strengthened with might, by Thy Spirit, in the inner man" They have become a reality to me I preached, in the morning, on this Scripture "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life that I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me"—Gal ii 20

At the evening service my text was from the Psalms "Thy Word is very pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it." I think that every word I spoke to my people came glowing with the warmth of my own heart, but I could not, and I did not, refer to myself I had well-nigh fallen into the snare, for truly it was from God's dealings with my own heart, that I had learnt to speak of His dealings with the hearts of others This had not been the case with me before I had often preached, but I had not, and I could not, have spoken, or preached, that which I knew, or testified that which I had seen

My mind had exercised itself with weaving together a certain set of ideas, partly spun out of my own brain, partly borrowed from the brains of others, into as delicate a web as I could fabricate

How well, indeed, do I remember the way in which I set to work when composing my sermons, the care that I took to shape some dull abstraction into a kind of polished essay, and, after I had completed the vapid and unmeaning effusion, I sought for some text of Scripture to serve merely as a peg to hang the flimsy production upon. Sometimes I attempted a labored argument, sometimes a pathetic appeal to the feelings, but oh! the conscience was overlooked,—the souls of my hearers starved! That name, which is the only prevailing name with God,—the only way of salvation to sinners,—was scarcely, or ever, mentioned And so far from setting forth the doctrine of the Holy Spirit as the only power by which we are enabled to realize the things of God, I omitted it altogether, and if I thought about it at all, it was only to repudiate it as the mystical fancy of enthusiasts It is said of Whitefield, that every sermon that he preached was first read and prayed over on his

knees Who then can wonder that our gracious Lord has made the preaching so acceptable, and so successful, when we know that the preacher's chief desire, and constant aim, is to honor Him, and to hang, as it were, in entire dependence upon Him "

[From Lady Vernon to Miss Harcourt]

My dear friend, – Two months ago, had any one told me that I should ever hold a pen in my fingers again, I should have shook my head, and answered, —never I have been brought down, almost to the borders of the grave, by a low fever, followed by great exhaustion But it has been ordered otherwise by the great Disposer of all I am fast recovering I owe my restoration to health, under God, chiefly to the tender care and watchfulness of a young kinswoman of mine, who has now been my guest for some length of time She came to me, little thinking that her visit would impose upon her the office of a nurse I was in my usual state of health when she came, and I was anxious to make her stay as agreeable as possible to her, but the dear child had scarcely been in the house a fortnight, when I took cold in one of our long

pleasant drives, and was, in consequence, laid up with a fever, which affected this poor old frame of mine so sensibly, that the doctors had, for some days, no thought of my recovery At the height of the disorder, I was delirious for some length of time, and the first person whom I saw, when I was able to notice anything, was my poor Lucy sitting by my bed-side, and smiling sweetly upon me She had been, all the while, my watchful and tender nurse, tending me night and day, without a thought of herself I would have sent her off to bed,—for I saw, from her pale face, how wearied and exhausted she was,—but, holding up her finger, to forbid me the exertion of speaking, she told me that anxiety, not fatigue, had tired her, and that the joy of witnessing my returning health would soon restore her The next day,—but not before,—I prevailed on her to take a few hours' repose in her own room Afterwards, however, she had a bed made up for herself in my dressing-room, and there she slept till she left me She went this morning at an early hour, and I have felt her absence keenly, for she has wound herself round my heart

What a different person I had expected She

had been one of the maids of honour to our late queen, and I thought to find in her a fine lady of the court, with all kinds of modish airs about her I was most agreeably disappointed She had not been spoilt, though for two years living in a dangerous atmosphere The first thing that struck me in her, was her charming naivete, and even playfulness, which owes its chief attraction to her unaffected modesty and propriety In my younger days I was much in the world, and had many opportunities of judging character, but I have seldom met with so sweet a young woman, or one so perfectly feminine, as Lucy Harrington I must own that, in my eyes, our sex has lost almost its chief natural grace, when a woman is not feminine I soon found myself taking a deep interest in my young kinswoman I found she had received a solid education, and, with all her light playfulness, (mark you, it is utterly distinct from levity), I saw that she possessed superior powers of mind—had thought seriously, if not profoundly, on some subjects, and had turned her reading to good account But on one subject,—that which is alone of real importance,—I discovered that she was altogether

ignorant. I spoke to her of the blindness and corruption of the natural heart, and of that gracious Being Who came down from heaven to open our blind eyes, and to cleanse us from our guilt and sins, in His own blood Though too well-bred to interrupt me, or to set up her opinion in opposition to mine, her indifference—nay, I may term it deadness—was so deplorable, that my spirit felt oppressed with unspeakable heaviness I might as well have played an air of Handel's to ears without the faculty of hearing The sense, or faculty of conceiving any thing of the nature of those vital truths which form the essential character of our holy faith, had not yet been given to her Dear child, I sometimes left her, after having seen her utter want of perception, or interest, on such points, to retire to my closet, and pray for her,—often mingling my tears with my prayers But, not to be tedious, let me tell you that my prayers have been graciously answered

When I began to recover sufficiently to converse again with Lucy, I bethought myself of the one way,—that which I had not tried,—that by which I might alone entertain any reasonable ground of

leading her careless mind to the serious consideration of divine things She had brought her drawing materials into my room, and was sitting at my round table, finishing some views which she had sketched in this neighbourhood (her drawings, I must tell you, are first-rate) neither of us had spoken for some length of time She lifted up her sweet face, and, looking at me—my eyes were then fixed on her—she smiled—as she has since told me—to see how very much better I looked

"It has just occurred to me," she said, "that you would perhaps like me to read to you"

"I should like it of all things, dear child"

"What shall I read?"

"There is but one book that I should care to hear, or could listen to now, Lucy"

"May I bring it?"

"It is there, my child," pointing to my Bible, which lay near at hand, on the toilet-table She blushed deeply, but instantly rose and took up the book She did not open it, but sat with it in her hand, her eyes cast down, and the modest colour still varying on her fair cheek "Why do you not read, my dear child?"

"I would have you tell me where to read," she said, "and I hesitate because I fear I shall not be able to read this book as it should be read. I am so unused to read it"

"We will pray, my Lucy, for without prayer no one is able to read that Blessed Book. I, for my part, who read it constantly, am not able to read it without praying for the Holy Spirit We can have no insight into the Word which God has spoken, without the Spirit which God has freely offered, and given to be our guide We are told this in plain words, as you will see, dear Lucy, if you will turn to a passage I can point out to you She found the place,* and read it at my request "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' Here, Lucy, is the key to the treasury of all the divine truths which are contained in that volume,—the key, alike to its simplest as to its deepest doctrines"

I offered up a few words of prayer, in the name of our Blessed Lord, and I begged her to read

* Cor ii. 14

to me part of the Epistle to the Ephesians She read the two first chapters I endeavoured to call her attention to some of the wondrous truths which are so finely stated there The sovereignty of God, our election and adoption, by grace, in Christ Jesus, in whom we have redemption, through His blood; the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace, the sealing of the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, the state of all of us since the fall, dead in trespasses and sins, till quickened by Him, together with our crucified Lord, and that clear statement of the scheme of our salvation,—"By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them"

"It is all strange and new to me," she said very gravely "Is it that no one ever told me this before? or is it that I have heard it, and have been as one who hears the sounds of voices, but has distinguished no articulate speech, and has not heeded them?"

"Your first surmise may or may not be true, my child, for alas I grieve to think how seldom the plain and saving truths of the Gospel are heard in their fulness and their simplicity from our pulpits, the second, so far as I can judge, is certainly true, but whatever may have been your state, I think I see the clouds breaking and beginning gradually to disperse and clear away If this be of God, and I trust it is, you will have light from Him as you are able to bear it, till the darkness is past and the true light shineth"

Day after day these conversations were renewed, and I saw in Lucy one whose earnestness and gentleness made me liken her to Lydia, 'whose heart the Lord opened' So far from turning away from the consideration of the things of God, she seemed as one who had found a spring of living waters in a desert, and who could not cease to drink of those refreshing waters The search after truth had begun, and she could not rest satisfied till the glorious plan of our salvation, as set forth in the inspired word by the Lord our God, had opened upon her Her energy of mind was that of a thoughtful, earnest man, but her meek and teachable spirit, that of a little child

As for myself, weak as I was, these conversations caused me no fatigue The interest they awakened within me for the gentle inquirer, has I really think brought back my former energies, and called them again into exercise, and strange as you may think it, my dear friend, my spirits and my health began to rally from that hour Well, she has left me, and I feel almost as I did when my own dear child, your friend Honoria, was taken from me! But I had almost forgotten the chief object of this letter Where does your brother reside in S——re? I wonder if the Temples of Temple Pleasance are in his neighbourhood? Lucy is to be married to the cadet of that family, a Reverend Allan Temple He has just taken possession of one of the family livings, a lovely place Lucy tells me, named Springhurst Can your brother, or his dear wife, send me any account of Mr Temple and of Springhurst? I am interested in my inquiries, for I have some thoughts, old as I am, of leaving this place, which has never agreed with me, and of taking a house at or near Springhurst The lease of my house here is up in half a year I have the option to renew my agreement on the same terms as at present, but since the death of

my beloved Pastor, I have felt unsettled His successor does not supply his place to me, and I have now little in which I find, or care to find enjoyment, but the word of God If Mr Temple is what I hope Lucy's husband may be, I have a great mind to become one of his congregation, that is, if a comfortable residence is to be found near them In S——re too, I should have more frequent opportunities of having you with me, as I should be so much nearer to you You will think me out of my senses, I fear, to talk of removing myself and my household at my advanced age, but my old and worthy servants will take all that trouble off my hands, and arrange every thing for me My faithful maid, Jenny Cox, seems to feel Lucy's departure almost as much as I do She was in fact, without knowing it, the person to put this scheme into my head "Ah, my lady," she said, with a tear in her eye when she was dressing me for dinner, "I wish we could pack up, and go and live near Miss Harrington It does one good to see her sweet face and all her winning ways, as for Mr Thompson (meaning my good old butler), he says the house is like a cage which has lost a singing-bird, now she is gone, and we all think she made your

ladyship grow young again while she was with you She is the most lightsome young creature I ever saw, and yet what a nurse she is in a sick room! as quiet as a mouse, and as bright as an angel! When I was all flustered-like and fit for nothing, on that night when you were so wild and light-headed, how calm she was! and though her lovely face was as white as a sheet and all wet with her tears, how she made you mind her with just a gentle word or two, when she got you to take your night draught, and when she put your poor hands quiet on the coverlid, and coaxed you to lie quite still, till the draught took effect, and you fell into a sweet sleep but I didn't wonder when I saw where she found her strength I peeped into the room from this dressing-room, when the door was ajar, and I saw her kneeling and praying behind your bed-curtain It put me in mind of what you have often said 'If you want strength and grace, Jenny, the right way is to pray'—But here comes my good Jenny for the second time, begging me to leave off writing, and as I let her have her way last night when I began this letter, and put by my writing before I had half done, I suppose I may as well conclude my letter out of hand I shall be

longing to hear from you, dear Millicent, before the week is out—This is my last word, Jenny, so hold your peace!—Yours with much affection,

HENRIETTA VERNON

To Mistress Millicent Harcourt,
The Close, Lichfield

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

WHAT became of the diary of Mr Temple for the next year cannot be told It is not among his papers, nor do we know more of what passed, except that toward the close of the year, we find from the information we have received from the faithful Jenny Cox, that Allan Temple and Lucy Harrington were married, and that Lady Vernon became the occupant of the old manor house at Springhurst The house belonged to Sir Arthur Temple, and had been half shut up for some ten years, an old couple alone living there—(who had been in the service of the Temples, till they became man and wife)—to keep the place habitable The diary commences again about two months after Mr Temple's marriage, on his returning to Springhurst from a tour in Scotland, and bringing his bride to her new home

October 17

A season of rejoicing calls for a record of thankfulness to Him who is the spring of all joy, and ought to be the theme of all gratitude This was a pleasant home before, but I have sometimes felt very lonely in my bachelor life, though never unhappy in my loneliness It will not be possible to feel lonely now with so sweet a companion, so true a help-meet! How can I express the calm delight which steals into my heart and settles there, when I see my Lucy, not as during the last year, paying a short and occasional visit with my dear mother, having come over from Temple Pleasance to pass an hour or two in suggesting or superintending the improvements which my kind parents have made in my house and gardens, but as I now see her (the hat and cloak laid aside, and that graceful head adorned only with its own shining tresses), as she sits beside me, the mistress of my house and of my heart, her dress, her manner, her occupations, all those of one whose home is here—sometimes looking up from her work or her book, and greeting me with a smile which lights up her whole countenance, when I come into the drawing-room from

my study, or, when I find her with all the freshness of the morning seated at the breakfast table, her keys and her gloves lying beside her, and her delicate fingers busied with her cups and saucers, and all the simple mysteries of tea making, or when I see the servants coming to her for their orders, or hear them speaking to me of her as their mistress Yes, and when I hear that voice, which comes like music to my ears, addressing me as her husband, and know that she is now my wife,—this indeed to me is hope fulfilled, and happiness realized What a slander on the marriage state to deem it in any sense an unholy union! why it was the very first relationship ordained of God, and in fact the only one instituted in the time of man's innocency I love to think on this I desire to bear this fact ever in mind, and to remember that "Marriage is honourable unto all men", to the ministers as well as to the people of the Church of God Let me regard it as the type set forth in holy Scripture, of the union between Christ and His Church, and let me look upon myself in my new position with the same type in view—even that as the husband is the head of the wife, so Christ is the head of the Church. Thus in all my inter-

course with my beloved wife, may I learn to regard her with a Christ-like tenderness, and care, and devoted affection, endeavouring in all things to walk worthy of my Christian calling as a husband That union is indeed sanctified and elevated, which is made a type of the relationship between our blessed Lord and the members of His Church I have always thought that every domestic circle must acquire a more refined and engaging character, by the presence of a pure-minded and modest woman How sweetly does the life I now lead at Springhurst, in my own Rectory, confirm my opinion

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October 18

I was sitting in my study this morning in somewhat of an absent mood—forgetful I fear of a certain old folio volume which lay open before me—when Lucy entered, and awoke me from my reverie a little vase of fresh flowers was in her hand She had gathered them to adorn my table "This," she said with a smile, "is one of my new duties," and she placed her little vase before me "Sometimes, only sometimes, dear Allan," she continued, "I shall ask leave to bring my work and sit beside you while you

read, and I promise you to be very quiet,—I shall not speak till I am spoken to, and remember I don't expect even to be spoken to nay, the moment that I find my presence is an interruption to studies which have here then first claim upon you, I shall vanish so remember, if you admit me, you are not to talk"

"But this morning, my Lucy, we will not observe our rules, after to day you shall enforce them as strictly as you will Indeed, I have a little volume here", I added (and I opened the book which lay on my writing table) "which I was wishing to show you It is written in a quaint odd style, but I like it much It is entitled, The Holy Life of Mrs Elizabeth Walker, late Wife (I read you the title just as it is worded) of A W, D D, Rector of Fyfield, Essex, giving a short account of her exemplary Piety and Charity Published for the glory of God, and provoking others to the like graces and virtues It is dated 1690 In the preface, her widowed husband tells us, 'that the things she wrote in her diary, she could not have the least prospect they should ever see the public light, and therefore did not dress them up to appear with the best advantage she could have given them' 'Of herself,' he says, 'she was a

plain, private woman, and conversed only' (he should have said chiefly) 'with poor persons of low degree, not to say as contemptible as ourselves' She prefaces her diary with this introduction 'Elizabeth Walker, her book, all written with my own hand, though the character doth vary, I striving to write a little deeper, my sight growing weaker I say there is not one syllable which I have not written with my own hand'

"This diary, it seems, was written for the use of her two daughters,—'to teach them how to serve God acceptably, and promote the salvation of their souls' And the simple account of her useful, godly life, partly in her own diary, and partly from her husband's narrative,—homely though it is,—may furnish many a useful hint, and tend to the edification both of you and of myself Here is one passage, which seemed a very charming one to me before my marriage, and of which the visit you have paid me in my study has reminded me Her husband has just been saying,—'She was a wife according to my own heart, and even exceeded the character of such an one as, with most earnest prayers, I begged of God to vouchsafe to me when

I was inclined to enter on the marriage state' He breaks off to give this little trait of her tender affection towards him 'She would often come into my study to me, and when I have asked her what she would have, she would reply, 'Nothing, my dear, but to ask thee how thou dost, and see if thou wantest any thing,' and then, with an endearing smile, would say 'Dost thou love me?' to which, when I replied—'Most dearly,' 'I know it abundantly,' would she answer, 'to my comfort, but I love to hear thee tell me so' And once, when I was adding the reasons of my love, and began, 'First, for conscience,' she stopped me ere I could proceed,—for she was very quick,—'Ah, my dear, I allow conscience to be an excellent principle in all we do, but like it worst in conjugal affection I would have thee love me, not because thou must, but because thou wilt, not as a duty, but delight' We are prone to reluctate against what is imposed, but take pleasure in what we choose' so innocently witty would she be'"

"And shall I be deemed as innocently witty," said Lucy, smiling archly, "if, in my visits to your study, I should be asked what brings me hither, and

my errand should prove the same as hers? You see I am not the only wife who has found her way into her husband's study, and I shall be glad to plead so good a precedent." With that she left me, saying "It is time for me to be gone, and for you, dear husband, to turn your thoughts again to that huge folio which I have caused you to neglect."

About an hour after, I found Lucy sitting in the drawing room. Her work lay on the table beside her; she had been reading more of the life of Mrs Elizabeth Walker, and her head was bent down over the book, her cheek resting on her hand. "Here is a sentence I am charmed with," she said, pointing with her finger to the passage, as I came behind her, and leaned over her, to see what she was reading.—"It is a low and easy thing, in our circumstances, to be content; it is too cheap a return for our enjoyments; it concerns us to be highly thankful,—the good Lord make us so." "And, indeed, she was very thankful," adds her husband soon after. "What a sweet spirit of praise breathes in all that I have transcribed from her papers. She had well learned the apostle's les

son, in all things to give thanks She blessed the Lord at all times, His praise was continually in her mouth She seldom enterprised any thing without prayer, and as seldom finished it without praise Comparatively, she esteemed praise much more excellent than prayer, not only as it is more like the employment of the holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, but as it is less selfish, and hath a more immediate aspect upon God Our own necessities constrain us to cry to God for relief, and the worst men will pray,—yea, and make vows,—when they are in fear, but only good men will return to pay their acknowledgments when their turn is served All the ten lepers cried for mercy, but where are the nine? There was but one of them found to render thanks' These pages," said Lucy, raising her head, and looking me gravely in the face, "have set me thinking seriously O! what a misspent life has mine been! Of late I have often thought of my light-hearted mirth, and deemed it madness, and I have often sought that gracious Lord, who has called me to the knowledge of my real state, and of Himself, through His dear Son Yes, I have humbly and

heartily confessed my sinfulness and ingratitude to Him, I have poured forth my soul in earnest prayer, but I have not yet come, like the leper that was healed, to give thanks unto God And why? Because I have not been thankful, I have enjoyed the consciousness of happiness in His service, but I have not offered to Him, as I ought to have done, the direct tribute of praise and thanksgiving I know this, and I feel it now Oh! how fervently do I pray, that He, Who has changed my God forgetting mirthfulness to Christian cheerfulness, will give, even to that cheerfulness, an upward direction, and turn it into godly thankfulness I can fully enter into the spirit of this admirable woman's language when she says 'It is a low and easy thing, in our circumstances, to be content it is too cheap a thing for our enjoyments, it concerns us to be highly thankful,'—and, I pray with her, The good Lord make us so!'

October 23

How sweetly has my Lucy profited by the reflections recorded in the foregoing passage of this diary All that was thoughtless and trifling in

her character is gone, and yet she is more cheerful than ever,—even to playfulness If I were now called upon to name the distinguishing feature of her character, I should say it is Thankfulness!

To-day I was reading to her the 23rd psalm "This verse, dear Lucy," I said, referring to the fifth verse, "describes our own happiness 'Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over'"

"It does, indeed," she quietly remarked, "but we should say, that the oil spoken of, with which God has anointed our heads, is the oil of gladness"

She is truly like one whose head has been anointed with that precious oil!

October 24

I can say, with Lucy, this subject of thankfulness has set me also thinking, and I take shame to myself, as I discover how sadly this delightful duty has been overlooked by me What have we that we have not received, and yet how rarely do we return thanks to Him Who is the great Giver of all I have been subjecting myself to an exercise of strict self-recollection on all the blessings I have received,—from the least to the greatest,

and now I ask myself,—for which have I been duly and directly thankful? But we have enjoyed them, it may be said, and is there not thankfulness in enjoyment? Yes, but such thankfulness is scarcely of a higher character than the enjoyment of a mere animal instinct The gambols of the ass's colt exhibit as much of thankfulness about them, as the joyousness of our immortal spirits on some occasions, and the lark, rising higher and higher on her soaring wings, till she seems like a speck disappearing among the rosy clouds of the morning, pouring forth the rich, clear notes of her delightful song—as if the very spirit of thankful joy had found a wing and a voice, to mount with her praises to heaven,—oh! how the lark puts to shame the dull, unthankful spirit of immortal man!

But, alas! I know too well the root of this unthankful spirit. While a man has yet to learn that he is nothing, while, indeed, he is ignorant of his nothingness before God, while a sense of his entire dependence upon God is yet unknown to him, and he has not been brought to receive every blessing as a boon of which he is utterly undeserving,—it is no matter of surprise that he should be unthankful

as well as unholy May God, in His mercy, give me deeper views of my own sinfulness, and a deeper sense of my own need May He graciously teach me to know, and to feel, that all that I have is of His free grace, and that I can put in no claim from myself for any thing He may give me then I shall be in a better frame to bless Him, and to thank Him for every thing Alas! unthankfulness is a frightful and a fatal sign When the great apostle, in the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, is describing the Gentile world as sunk in ungodliness and idolatry, and traces back their guilt to its source, proving them to be without excuse, because that when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, he adds,—"neither were thankful" True, therefore, it is, that unthankfulness and ungodliness are usually found together

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October 26

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift! First and foremost for His grace and love as manifested in the gift of His own Son,—He who is the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and the Brightness of the Glory of God shining forth in unclouded majesty with a

genial radiance brighter than the beams of ten thousand suns upon this cold benighted world Such is the gift! but who can find words to describe that which the inspired Scriptures declare to be unspeakable!

Are we thankful for this unspeakable gift? Do we take up the words of the Apostle, and breathe forth the language of the same adoring spirit which moved him, when *we* say, Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift! Alas, my dull, cold, unloving, and unthankful heart—I can answer for thee Thou art not thankful O how deeply would I deplore my base ingratitude to Thee, O my God! And say with the godly George Herbert

> 'Thou that hast given so much to me,
> Give one thing more, a grateful heart.'

Yes, I would make his prayer my own, when he continues

> 'Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
> And in no quiet thou canst be,
> Till I a thankful heart obtain
> Of Thee.
>
> 'Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
> As if Thy blessings had spare days
> But such a heart, whose pulse may be
> Thy praise.'

Christ is the spring-head of all Thy gifts and blessings to man, and through Him flow forth to us all the living streams of divine refreshment, which, coming down into hearts made sensible by Thee of their need and of Thy bounty, are in us as wells of water springing up in living fountains to Thee, or as the earth which drinketh in the showers which fall into its thirsty bosom, and so becomes another Eden of sweetest flowers, breathing the incense of their rich, pure fragrance to Thee

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[Lady Vernon to Miss Harcourt]

Manor House, Springhurst
October 28

You complain of my silence, dear Millicent, and you have reason in your complaint I have been much occupied by our removal, though I have been enabled to bear it without suffering much fatigue, and I am now comfortably settled in my new abode I like this part of England much, and as for Springhurst it is really beautiful This old manor house is just after my taste, with its oak-panelled rooms, and its old fashioned Dutch garden You wish me to tell you something of Lucy's husband At the

first sight of him, I said to myself, "Here is one, whose countenance tells me that he may be taken on trust, or rather that he may be trusted" There is, however, nothing remarkable in his appearance, but a certain graceful manliness, and that expression of frankness—that ingenuous look—which tells one that the channel between the heart and the face has been kept clear, and that you may read the feelings of the one in the other He is one of those who have learned how to keep their position in the world among their fellow-men with calmness and dignity, but he is decidedly not of the world I should say that he has naturally a fine temper, and I had not conversed long with him, before I found that he is a man of refined taste Your brother and sister, who have become his intimate friends, tell me that his unaffected humility is to them the loveliest grace in his character, and when this grace is genuine, it certainly is the most lovely of all Christian graces It was the distinguishing grace of our blessed Lord, and therefore the apostle recommends it to the disciples of our Lord, when he says, "In lowliness of mind, let each esteem other better than themselves", and adds, "Let this mind be in you which was also

in Christ Jesus" Dear Lucy, when speaking of humility, read me a quotation which I much admire, from a book she is mightily taken with, the Diary of a Clergyman's Wife, who says of humility, that "It is the foundation which gives stability, the strength which gives security, the ornament that reflects beauty, and the completion which gives the finishing stroke to all other graces" A profession of humility always leads me to suspect the absence of the reality,—there is no such profession about Mr Temple, and it was not therefore at first that I discovered this to be his distinguishing grace The more, however, I see of him, the more do I agree with Mr and Mrs Harcourt A remark of his, which Mrs Harcourt repeated, pleased me much, it was this "There are two persons about whom I ought never to trust myself to speak, the one is my enemy—if I have any, the other is myself"

I have had a visit from Sir Arthur and Lady Temple, which, I suppose, I ought to call a visit in state, for they came in their coach and-six, the servants in their state liveries, and the kind old baronet in a dress which would have done for St James's Sir Arthur's manner was all courteous

stateliness at first, as he addressed me, and presented his amiable lady, and his only daughter,—a very modest and pleasing young gentlewoman,—my Lucy's friend, and, I should say, about the same age But all this stateliness soon disappeared, and we became the best friends in the world Something was said of an invitation to a grand party at Temple Pleasance, where I was to meet some of the great people of the county, and among them Lord and Lady G—, who are my near relations I begged to decline at once all such engagements, and said frankly, that my age and my inclination forbade my entering, at any time, into general society, but that I should feel much gratified if they would waive all ceremony, and pass a few days with me, and meet the Harcourts, and Mr Temple and Lucy The invitation was cordially accepted, and on Tuesday next they are to come to me, God willing, for two nights I have promised to pass a week at Temple Pleasance in the spring, if I am spared so long, but I do not wish to leave home till the winter is over My health has suffered from my last attack, and I dread being taken ill, and giving trouble, in another person's house

I am much pleased with these Temples, dear Millicent Sir Arthur has the same frank expression of countenance as his son, and a smile full of benevolence no one would take him for the age he is, from the healthy freshness of his complexion, and his erect carriage He is tall and spare, courteous, but not courtier-like, in his manner Lady Margaret and her daughter are much alike in person, and, I should say, in their peculiar gentleness of disposition also They are both very elegant women, with that quiet ease of manner which I always think one of the marks of good breeding Miss Temple wants the sparkling life of Lucy, but long as I have lived, I have met with no one so charming as Lucy She has a manner quite her own, and I see this the more I am with her Her piety, as it ought to do, has given a new character to her vivacity, but it has not lessened it she is brighter than ever, and her cheerfulness, to me, is like sunshine not that it is without repose,—no as it is with the sunshine, so it is with her spirit, whether the silent forest-glade sleeps in its golden brightness, or the rippling stream sparkles in its dancing beams, or the gathering cloud is steeped

in its radiance, till it glows and brightens with all the hues of the rainbow,—it is still the same sunshine, spreading its glad and beautiful light wherever it comes You will say I am growing poetical in my old age, or aiming at being so

I will turn to another subject, which is replete with interest of the highest kind both to you and to myself

I have found all that I most desired at Springhurst, and I trust I shall never leave this quiet home till I am summoned to quit the poor old earthly tabernacle of this mortal body, for the open vision of our blessed Lord

Yesterday was the Lord's day, and for the first time I took my place in the congregation of my new pastor The manor house is but a short distance from the Church and the Rectory, and with the support of my stout walking-cane I reached the Church without fatigue I was never so much struck before with the importance of manner in a preacher of the gospel, as since I have heard Mr Temple I do not mean by this any studied eloquence, but the appearance of being deeply and thoroughly impressed with the subject before him, as well as with the office itself

of a minister of Christ When I use the word appearance, I do not mean, the seeming to be what is professed, but the expression of a reality His manner recalled to me George Herbert's description of his country parson's preaching "The character of his sermon is Holiness he is not witty, nor learned, nor eloquent, but holy" The subject was one with which I know both he and his wife have been much impressed and occupied of late—it was thankfulness his text, "Be ye thankful" Coloss iii, 15

Perhaps, in my vain and foolish heart, I had expected nothing in the way of doctrine or precept with which I was not well acquainted the utmost that I looked for was freshness of manner, and an original way of discussing old truths already familiar to me From the beginning to the end of the sermon, I felt as one abashed and conscience-stricken, and I left the Church subdued and confounded by a sense of my own sinful deficiencies The sermon, however, was extremely simple its truths so apparent, the difficulties of the subject so mastered and made easy, and the language with which every idea was clothed so clear and plain, that any child in the congregation might have carried

away with him all its most important points I, for my part, came away, owning to myself and humbly confessing to my God the great omission of my whole life,—my want of a direct thankfulness to Him for the many blessings, from the least to the greatest, which I have received I learnt with astonishment, as for the first time, the frequency with which throughout the word of God, the duty and privilege of thankfulness are urged upon us I could scarcely believe, till I came to consider, in how many passages of holy writ the exhortation to thankfulness makes either directly or indirectly part of the exhortation to the believer I know not how it has been with you, Millicent, but I must say of myself, to speak figuratively, that in the spiritual sacrifices with which I have come before the Lord, the thank-offering has been that most frequently omitted What shall I say more of this sermon (for my letter must come to an end), what, but that I am thankful to God for this admonition, thankful that He hath led the feet of his aged pilgrim to such green pastures and such refreshing streams as those which I have found in His earthly sanctuary at Springhurst. I have one word more to say, and

that is, in your next letter fix the day for your coming I shall certainly be uneasy, and perhaps a little displeased, if you keep me longer in uncertainty on this head I depend on your dear society for the next four months your rooms are ready, and Jenny Cox has begun to wonder when in the world Miss Harcourt is coming! Your affectionate friend HENRIETTA VERNON

To Miss Harcourt

November 6

"We have dined yesterday at the manor house, having been invited by Lady Vernon to meet the Harcourts and my dear parents and Ellen, who are staying there Just as we were entering the house, a Miss Harcourt arrived she is Mr Harcourt's sister and Lady Vernon's intimate friend. It seems she had written to announce her coming, but her letter had miscarried This unexpected visitor was warmly welcomed; and I do not wonder She is evidently no common person. Her conversation is delightful, and there is a noble simplicity about her, which seemed to strike my father as much as it did me He told me this morning, that he had

never met so agreeable a party, as the little circle at the manor house, and I could have told him that I never saw him appear to so much advantage Lady Vernon is high in his favour, he calls her the most graceful and agreeable old lady he has ever had the pleasure of seeing He has formed also a high opinion of the Harcourts, and laments that they should have lived within a few miles of him for so many years, and that he should never have known their worth and their agreeable qualities till now "But prejudice, my dear Allan," he continued, "is a bad thing, and I am free to confess that I have been on some subjects the slave of prejudice The fact is, as I now discover, prejudice is the child of ignorance I have been ignorant of the fine qualities of these excellent persons, and therefore, as I now confess to my shame, I have been full of prejudices against them I have been thinking over the conversation in my Lady Vernon's circle during our short stay with her, and I cannot recollect an occasion on which, what she and you consider to be the great end to be sought in the society of Christian people, has ever been lost sight of Directly or indirectly some reference has always been

made to God His claims upon the thoughts and affections of His professing people, have been more or less brought forward,—I should have said, with consummate skill, were I not compelled to acknowledge that this has proceeded rather from an inimitable simplicity Yes, my dear Allan", he went on to say, "your new friends have left a deep impression of their sincere and consistent piety upon my mind I have never met with more agreeable society and I only hope I may be permitted to know more of these excellent persons" I could not help saying in reply "Your observations, my father, remind me of our Lord's parable 'That the kingdom of God is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened' You rejoice my heart by what you tell me Would that we could ever bear in mind that He is always present when His disciples meet, and that if His presence is not recognized, it is because, in our awful perverseness and ingratitude of spirit, we do in a manner shut Him out. Not that we have the power to do this, but where the will is exercised in doing so, the sin of powerless creatures like ourselves is as fully committed as if both will and power were at our command"

"Allan" said my father, as he quitted me, "I love these conversations with you They remind me of old times, when with such perfect confidence we discoursed together, I as the teacher, you as the pupil And though times are not altered in one sense, for I still find in you the openness and confiding spirit of your childhood, yet I cannot help thinking that you might now say, with reference to your old father 'I am wiser than the aged I have more understanding than my teachers'"

How could I hear such words, and not be deeply moved? I could not restrain my tears as I took both his hands in mine, and besought him not to grieve and humble me by such piercing words, assuring him that I never could presume to be his teacher, and that I felt more than I had ever done the sacred right of a parent to the duteous reverence of his child

"I know it, I know it, my dear son," he answered, "you have always been a duteous child to me, and I have no fear of your becoming otherwise but let me remind you, that while I consent to keep up as much parental authority as you please to allow me, it must be on this condition,—that you do not

forget your own holy authority, as an ordained minister of the gospel, to be the teacher of your old father in spiritual things And is not this right, my son? Will you not feel it yourself, and wish me to feel it, when on Sunday next you look down from your pulpit and find me among your flock in this Church of Springhurst? What shall I then be but one of your sheep looking up to be taught and fed by you as my pastor?"

"How is this, my dear father?" I said, with much delight "Are you and my dearest mother coming to be our guests?"

"Indeed, so it seems," he replied "Your sister, as you know, was to come to you to-morrow, and we were to leave her behind us, but my lady and I began to be jealous of Ellen, and, I fear, should have left her with a very ill grace '

"I must call Lucy, dear sir, and tell her this good news ! '

"You may call her, but you will have no news to tell her," he replied "Lucy knows all about it, she saw me coming, and waylaid me, and begged me to stay over Sunday with you and rewarded me for consenting, with a kiss, and I told her that we were

wishing to see how she acquitted herself in her new dignity as the mistress of her household, and to see if she knew how to sit at the head of her table, and do the honours of her house to her guests I left Ellen with her, so, instead of calling her, let us join them "

I was questioning my class of youthful catechists whom I have succeeded in collecting around me every Sunday afternoon, an hour before the service My father came into the church, and seated himself among some of the elders of the congregation who were present, but close to the children I could not help, every now and then, turning my eyes towards him, I was so much struck by the expression of his countenance, the meekness, and the deep, serious attention which he paid to the questions and answers which were interchanged The plan which I have laid down for myself is not merely to instruct and examine the children in the Church catechism, but in every part of our Church services, and to take, on alternate Sundays, a short portion of the Holy Bible, and to catechize them on that. On Sunday last, our subject was the third chapter of the Gospel of St John I was much struck by the in

telligence of those dear children, and the way in which that great subject, with which the chapter begins, seemed to open itself to their young minds I could not doubt but that the Holy Spirit was present as their teacher, in answer to the prayer, with which we had besought Him to come down and teach us I could not but contrast the simple wisdom and clearness of perception given to those children, with the blindness and spiritual obtuseness of that master in Israel, whose interview with our blessed Lord is recorded in that Scripture The minds of some of the children seemed unusually impressed, and the clearness of their replies caused me to repeat to myself, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength!"

When I returned to the vestry till the evening service commenced, my father joined me "I was well pleased with your sermon," he said, "and, I hope, instructed by it, but I am beginning to feel, Allan, that, old as I am, my proper place is among the children of your flock The answers of those children, given as they were with such modest intelligence, made me feel myself another Nicodemus, ready to say, before their answers were given, and

the right view of the subject set before me, 'How can these things be?' What you said to the children, I felt applied still more forcibly to myself, that is, that we have not only new things to learn when we come to follow Christ and to sit at His feet, but that we have old things to unlearn I have been thinking, with regard to myself, since I heard your sermon, and listened to your instructions to the children, that the building I have been rearing all my life has been on a wrong foundation, and that, if I do not, with God's help, take it down now, while the time is given to me, it will be overthrown at last by a Divine hand, and can then never be rebuilt But, thank God, there is now time for building upon the rock!" Here the clerk came to summon me to the reading desk, and my father, pressing my hand, and wishing me a God speed, passed on to his pew The Scripture which formed the subject of my sermon that afternoon was from the first epistle of Peter * "To whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God and precious Ye, also, as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices ac-

* 1 Peter ii, 4, 5

ceptable to God by Jesus Christ" Once, while I was preaching, I looked down towards my own pew I was dwelling upon those beautiful words in the context, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious" My dear father's face was raised, and his eyes were fixed on me For a moment our glances met, and I saw that his eyes were filled with tears, my voice became tremulous, and I felt that I could not trust myself to look upon him again, as it was, I was almost overcome

He joined me at the church door when I came out at the vestry after the service, and we walked home together, but in silence, for he spoke not. During the rest of the day he said little, but seemed like one abstracted, but at night when the ladies had retired, he said with some abruptness, "It is all new to me, Allan, but of this I am convinced, it is all true it carries its own evidence of its truth into my inmost heart I must know all, my dear son, and you must teach me what God has taught you"

I spoke to him of the great teacher, and endeavoured to impress upon him the necessity of far higher teaching than that of man I opened the Epistles

of St John, and read to him what the apostle says of the unction of the spirit (ii, 20, 27) 'Ye have an unction from the holy one, and ye know all things', and again 'But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you all things, and is truth and is no lie, and even as it hath taught, ye shall abide in Him' He made me read the words again to him, and then after sitting in silent thought for some minutes—"I will do as you entreated us to do from your pulpit" He said gravely, "I will pray for the Holy Spirit, that I may have this unction from the Holy One,—this anointing which shall teach me of all things"

Could I do otherwise, when my Father had left me, than kneel down and pour out my whole soul in thanksgivings and in praise to my God, and beg Him with tears, which I had neither the power nor the wish to restrain, to perfect His own work which He had wrought in my dear, dear father's heart?

We are highly blest when we have been brought to find our seasons of secret communion with God the happiest hours of the day, and if the heart were

right with God they ought to be so, for if an hour spent in communion with Him on earth is irksome to us now, what would an eternity with Him be to us hereafter in heaven? and what is heaven but the enjoyment of His presence and an eternal communion with Him, where faith is exchanged for sight, and hope becomes fruition Yes, and the only real enjoyment which the immortal spirit can taste must be in the presence of God, for in His presence is joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore I would commune with my spirit on this subject I would recall to mind that on such a subject we must speak from our own experience, or we cannot speak at all we must speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen

If then we would enjoy spiritual communion with God, we must seek to rise to the level of his spiritual presence We are naturally, when left to ourselves, at a low level When in the world, and among the worldly, every thing around us is at a low level—every thing has a tendency to sink us with itself to a low level I may use a familiar illustration here We must do as the bargeman does when he closes the locks of a canal—he closes them round

a low level of the water, that he may let in the stream of the higher level of the canal into that enclosed pool, till it rises to the higher level of the waters above but here we have done with our illustration, for the bargeman raises the level of the locked-in waters, that his vessel may go down as it passes through the locks, and no sooner is the vessel brought within the locks than he lowers the level of the water, that the vessel and the water may sink down together to the lower level of the canal, on the further side We close the locks, and raise the level within them, that the vessel which enters may continue raised to the higher level We shut the door, and shut out the world, and then we strive in yearnings and wrestlings of earnest prayer, for the Holy Spirit to raise our spirits to the higher level, in which alone we can meet the Lord our God, and enjoy a season of spiritual communion with Him This must first be done, and this may be done, for we have come into the presence of Him, who hears and answers prayer, who graciously invites us to seek His face, and enables the soul that seeks Him to find a throne of grace on which He sits in all His majesty, yet in all His loveliness—glorious to the eye of faith in the

meanest hovel Doubtless it was thus that Joseph beheld Him in the dungeon of his Egyptian prison —thus that Paul and Silas beheld Him in the darkness of the inner prison at Philippi He was as gloriously beautiful to them as He was to Aaron, when, in all the privileged sanctity of the High Priest's office he stood alone, and that but once in the year, surrounded by the secret splendours of the Holy of Holies, his adoring and enraptured gaze fixed upon the golden lid of the mercy seat, between the mystic figures of the golden cherubims, when the visible glory of the Shekinah appeared before him

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December 2

The general design of Mr Falkland's ministry in this place, as I have before noted, has evidently been to produce a humble as well as an enlightened spirit among the people—and such has been generally the effect, but there are some exceptions in the case of two or three individuals These persons are not without knowledge, but they have I fear so perverted their knowledge, that it has served rather to their puffing up than to their edifying When I call upon them, I find that they have been employ-

ing themselves in trying to find out my deficiencies, and I see plainly enough from the hints I receive that they are very willing to point them out to me Alas, if they knew me, but only half as well as I know myself (and yet how imperfect is my knowledge of myself), how many more deficiencies would they not be able to point out! They little know how often I weep over many more and far worse offences than any they have yet discovered But while I desire to thank them for wishing to shew me in what I am wanting, I cannot approve the spirit in which their stinging remarks are made, nor can I think it well to encourage their forgetfulness of my position and their own, and the relation in which they stand to me their pastor Then, again, they give me to understand that they cannot look upon me as they did upon Mr Falkland, and they are careful to let me know that on those points on which I fail, he peculiarly excelled It does vex me, I confess, that any one should suppose me so mean as to feel disturbed or jealous because he is commended Kind excellent man, how truly I love and respect him! every commendation of him is most gratifying to me

Let me, however, be on my guard against an unhumbled spirit in myself O my God, do thou teach me how to derive good from the unkindness and the censure of others Give me grace to pray for those who despitefully use me, and to be thankful for every thing which may in any way serve to humble my natural pride of heart We read that "God gave Solomon largeness of heart" O my Father, give me also, I beseech Thee, largeness of heart!

I owe much to some others of my beloved flock, especially to Mr and Mrs Harcourt On many points they have been as an Aquilla and Priscilla to me,—and in what a lovely spirit,—in what meekness of wisdom! I may truly say that they have expounded unto me the way of God more perfectly

Still let me bear in mind, that there is no one from whom I may not learn something which I ought to know However mistaken the opinion formed about me, however unjust the judgment passed upon me,—they have their use They may lead me to examine myself more strictly, to find out if there were not some ground, however slight, for the complaint, and they may lead me also to pray especially for those unkind persons, and to pray

that I may neither shew nor feel any bitterness of spirit towards them

These are trials,—yes, but trials to what?—to temper, to pride How childish in a Christian man, and a Christian Minister, to suffer his peace to be disturbed by them! Let me rather pray more and more earnestly for largeness of heart, in the humble confidence that He who has taught me to pray for this grace will answer my prayer Surely, instead of lowering my temper and my office to enter into the field of such a petty warfare, I ought to consider myself as a father who has to deal with wayward children, and instead of pitying myself, and com plaining, and murmuring, I ought to be thankful that I have been taught from above how to encounter, and how to overcome, such trifling vexations Let me learn, indeed, to love what there is of Christ's image in these unjust and unkind children of God (for His children I trust they are), and let me, in all gentle and holy ways, endeavour to exercise towards them that wisdom which is peculiarly peace able and winning He that winneth souls is wise

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The diary of Mr Temple will doubtless appear incomplete to the reader, and it may be as well to

mention here, that though it is called a diary, it is by no means the record of every day of his life He appears rather to have noted down, from time to time, certain events of his life, and certain impressions and observations, without any particular arrangement, except giving the date on which they were written down And part even of this diary has been lost. The next entry that we find is in the spring of the following year

April 4th, 1744

Since I have become a diligent searcher of the Holy Scriptures, and have learnt, from a vital acquaintance with them, to understand something of their unspeakable preciousness, I can enter into the spirit of some of those godly men who were undoubtedly the brightest ornaments of our country and our Church,—those great divines, who were termed, by the enemies of their faith, "the men of one book" Alas, I find with sorrow, and with shame, that in some of those places, in this Protestant country, where they lived, and preached, and suffered at the stake for the truths which they prized more than their mortal lives, their names are not even known

I was passing through the city of Chester a few weeks since, and remaining for a night with a kinsman of my mother's, who has a mansion in the pleasant suburb of Boughton, overlooking the river Dee I had been reading, the night before I left home, the affecting story of the Rev George Marsh, in "Foxe's Book of Martyrs", and soon after arriving I asked my cousin Walter to shew me the spot on which the martyr had suffered My question was met with a look of incredulous astonishment, and though Walter Lee had dwelt all his life within a stone's throw of the place,—nay, the upper windows, at the back of the house, overlook the very spot which was the scene of his martyrdom,—he knew nothing about it He had never heard that a Protestant clergyman had been burnt at the stake in Chester the very name of George Marsh was strange to him Some of his worthy fellow citizens joined us at dinner, but they were as ignorant as my kinsman of the fact and every thing connected with it In this place, also, the pastor of Springhurst in Mary's reign, was dragged from the church, where he faithfully preached Christ to his loving flock, to be tried and executed, as a heretic, at

L—— his only crime was, that he would not deny and repudiate the pure faith of the gospel

And here I found the same ignorance on the subject as among those worthy people at Chester Surely this ignorance is as extraordinary as it is lamentable in times like the present, when a terrible war was brought, not many years since, into this country, with the avowed object of replacing a papist monarch on the throne of the empire, and thus introducing again the authority of the Bishop of Rome into Great Britain, in defiance of that article of our reformed and scriptural Church, that "*The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in these* realms"

I have resolved to do what is in my power to keep up the remembrance of the faithful pastor of Springhurst, who suffered in Queen Mary's reign, and, with the assistance of some of my friends, to put up a tablet to his memory in the church where he was wont to proclaim the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all the purity with which God has committed it to His ministers I am well aware that, in these days of blindness and lukewarmness, an abhorrence of popery may be regarded as uncharitable,—particularly as coming from a clergyman of our Church,

and I should have been one of the first, not many years back, to agree to this opinion But I have since learned to search the Holy Scriptures, and to receive with meekness them inspired truths in all their divine simplicity, and I have also been at the pains to make myself acquainted with the enormous errors of popery, not only from the writings of protestants, but from those of their own party And I have come to this conclusion, that the man who really receives the faith, once delivered to the saints, from the written Word, can make no peace with Rome That corrupt and idolatrous Church must either renounce her deadly errors, and return to the pure faith of the written Word, or we must regard her as faithless and fallen

By the decrees of the Council of Trent, however, she has pronounced herself infallible, and she has, at the same time, declared those decrees (some of which are little short of blasphemous) irrevocable Thus, while professing herself wise, she has proved her foolishness, and sealed her own destruction,—for error must fall,—truth must finally prevail, and stand for ever I grieve to see the indifference which prevails at present on the Romish creed and

the influence of Rome The volumes of many of our later divines, containing the most masterly refutations of Romanism, seem to be as totally disregarded as if they had never been written, and the writings of those good and holy men who cheerfully gave up their lives to the great work of rescuing the visible Church from the bonds and the fetters of popish error and popish superstition, have alike fallen into disrepute and become unknown The spirit of deep and heartfelt thankfulness to God for the blessings of the Reformation, which was once felt, has, alas! departed from among us, and the very subject which once stirred the heart of the nation to its depths, has lost all interest among us But, alas! who can wonder? All vital religion has now, for some years, been falling into languor and lifelessness in this highly-favoured land The whole tone and character of our theology has been lowered, and men seem ashamed of what they once gloried in

Whatever fault the lukewarm and fastidious may find with the irregular zeal and the peculiarities of Mr Whitefield and his colleague Mr Wesley, if I am not mistaken, a future age will look back to them as the great missionaries of the truth in this day

Now they may be cast out of the pale of our Church, which by the grace of God they have aroused from its death-like slumbers, and be regarded as the offscouring of all things, but the time will surely come when a very different judgment will be passed on their proceedings, and men will wonder at the narrowness of mind, the strange infatuation of the rulers of our Church, who could be so blinded to her best interests, as to endeavour to cripple the exertions and to silence the voices of two of her most devoted servants With all her faults, the Church of Rome in a like case would have proved herself superior in wisdom to our own, and had a Whitefield or a Wesley arisen among her members, she would not have closed her pulpits to them, or silenced and banished them She would have found a channel for the stream of their exertions, and have given all the weight of her approval and her authority to their burning zeal

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September 9

Another cause for thankfulness to the Father of all our mercies, and the source of all our blessings! After a short season of great anxiety on our part and suffer-

ing on her's, my beloved wife is the mother of a little boy, and my earnest prayers are turned to joyful praises My dear mother and Mrs Harcourt are with her, and the latter has just been down to tell me that Lucy is wonderfully well She has had some refreshing sleep, and she has sent our beloved friend to beg me to come up and offer up a short prayer by her side

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April 30, 1746

Lucy had put her infant to bed, and was walking in the garden a few evenings ago The day had been delightful the sky of deep and cloudless blue the west wind, soft as a fan of feathers, as it blew over one's face It had been a day of sunshine, and we felt that Spring was come at last. The banks of the lane leading from the Rectory to Springhead were blue with violets, and the trees were bursting into leaf, and bright with the vivid but tender tints of their first green I was detained longer than I expected by a poor parishioner who came just as I was leaving my study When I went to join Lucy in the garden, I could not find her there, but after looking for her in

vain, I found her sitting on a bench under an old oak tree, speaking to a man in tattered clothes She was weeping, but speaking with much earnestness of manner, and did not see me till I stood beside her I stared with astonishment, both at her and her strange companion She turned to me, the tears streaming down her face—"You do not know him, Allan" I did not who would have recognized the elegant and high spirited Charles Harrington in the emaciated and miserable creature who stood beside his sister, supporting himself against the tree! Alas, his life is in danger! He is a rebel and an outcast in his own country

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The absence of Colonel Harrington had been a mystery to his family He had left England some months before his sister's marriage, intending to visit some of his mother's relations in Germany, and to return to Temple Pleasance to be present at the wedding He did not return, and in a letter which came soon after from his uncle, dated Spa, they learned that he had been ill with a low fever, and had been taken by him thither, for the benefit of the waters

Then anxiety was soon removed by another letter, which brought the news of his restored health From that time he had either not written or they had not received his letters It seems that he had become acquainted while at Spa with an English gentleman, belonging to an ancient family—one of the De Lyles of Staffordshire He had been attracted by the high-bred and accomplished manners of Mr De Lyle, but still more so by the beauty and sweetness of his niece, who with her mother, a widow lady, was travelling under the charge of her uncle and guardian On the departure of his uncle from Spa, Captain Harrington learnt with no little pleasure that his new friends, the De Lyles, were about to return to England at the same time as himself They agreed to travel together, and as he had now no particular object to make him hasten his return (his sister's marriage having taken place), he gladly agreed to Mr De Lyle's proposal, that they should visit Antwerp and Ghent and Bruges, remaining a few days at each place On this journey Captain Harrington became so enamoured of the lovely niece, that he had offered her his hand in marriage In a worldly point of view the connexion was an advantageous

one, as Miss De Lyle was an heiress But there was an objection on the part of Mr De Lyle to the union He thought it right to acquaint his young friend (who had till then been ignorant of the fact) that Miss De Lyle was a Catholic, and that he, as her guardian, could not consent to her marrying a heretic Miss Constance De Lyle, however, was of age, and with much calm decision told her uncle that though she could not make up her mind to marry a heretic, she would certainly never unite herself to any man who could so far forget the respect due to himself as to abjure his religion for her sake, and not on conviction This charmed the young officer, who, however, had never said a word about abjuring his religion He became even more in love than before Nothing was agreed upon, but the party remained together on the continent After proceeding to St Omer, they were detained there waiting for letters of importance, which Mr De Lyle had expected to find waiting his arrival The letters at length arrived, and then Charles Harington was informed that they must part for Mr. De Lyle had found from his letters, that he must set out for Italy without delay But

they did not part, Captain Harrington declaring that he felt it impossible to give up his hopes of obtaining the consent which he sought to his marriage He had resolved, as he told Mr De Lyle, in consequence of the noble avowal of his niece, to consider the points of difference between the Catholic and Protestant creeds, and though he was resolved not to be influenced by his affection for Miss De Lyle, he felt it only due to her and to himself, to form a judgment upon a question which he confessed he had never till then given any serious attention to The party arrived at Rome about a month after their departure from St. Omer, and there, he soon found himself forming, with his companions, part of the Pretender's Court. There, at the expiration of a few months, the infatuated young man received the hand of the rich and beautiful Constance De Lyle Her uncle had succeeded in convincing him, that the points of difference between his own faith, and that of the Romish Church, were not essential He told him indeed that for his part he should have felt little difficulty in joining the Anglican Church had he not been born of a Catholic family, and had he not known that his own Church was the most

ancient of the two, and that it was unreasonable, as well as absurd, to prefer a modern religion to one so venerable, and one that numbered so many more members than that of the Protestants He assured Harrington that he was by no means blinded to some of the errors of the Catholic Church, but that the lower ranks were deeply attached to them, and that he felt it was the wisest policy to wink at their ignorance and superstition, nay, that it would be downright cruelty to deprive them of the comfort of many of their harmless superstitions

Such were some of the arguments, if they can be deemed worthy of the name of argument, by which his thoughtless dupe was misled The snare, however, was skilfully set, and the prey was easily taken Captain Harrington persuaded himself that his accomplished friend had taken a truly philosophical view of Church questions He felt also that he had not only made an admirable choice, but united himself to a highly honourable family Mr De Lyle, as was afterwards discovered, was neither more nor less than a crafty and most accomplished Jesuit Under all his assumed philosophy he disguised the most entire devotedness to his order, and the most relentless hatred to Protestants

He had persuaded himself that the interests of his Church demanded and sanctioned proceedings which men who are accustomed to regard the plain rule of right and wrong, would have considered as utterly unjustifiable He was well skilled in all the sophistries and evasions of Jesuitism, had studied to perfection the doctrine of intention, and had not a doubt but that the end sanctified the means—however despicably vile such means would otherwise have been The thoughtless but well-meaning young man whom he had selected as the best victim within his reach, and the best tool for his purposes, had been no match for so crafty a politician He had been on the look out for young Englishmen of birth and education, to enlist them in the service of that unfortunate and youthful Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, whom the Jesuits had in like manner selected in order that by him they might pursue their designs upon the throne of England, and regain for the Church of Rome the authority and ascendency she had lost in this country By a well-laid train of sophistries, as specious but still more flimsy than those which he had brought forward to induce Harrington to renounce the creed which he had

professed to hold, Mr De Lyle succeeded in attaching the young officer to the cause of the Pretender, and when Charles Edward quitted Rome (his father having been induced to surrender his claims to the throne of England to the young Chevalier) and proceeded secretly to France, Captain Harrington set out for England with his wife and her relations.

They had arrived in safety at Netherclffe, the seat of his wife's first cousin, Sir Germain De Lyle, and there Charles Harrington had remained till he received his summons to join the Jacobite army in Scotland. After the disastrous defeat of Charles Edward at Culloden, Harrington fled from the field of battle, changed his dress for that he wore when he reached Springhurst, and became for some weeks a solitary wanderer. He had escaped with difficulty from Scotland, and suffered much from fatigue and hunger, encountering dangers of various kinds, until he had arrived almost destitute in the neighbourhood of Netherclffe. He there learnt from a tenant of Sir Germain De Lyle's, that search had been made for him at the Hall, and that a high reward was offered for his person. He was only

too glad to start away by unfrequented lanes and through fields and woods, till he had found himself in this well-known village He had wisely determined not to present himself at the Rectory, but to hide himself among the evergreen thickets which separate the garden from the orchard, till some one should appear Such were some of the circumstances of his long, and mysterious absence — On the night of his sudden appearance at Springhurst, his sister and her husband knew no more than that he had taken part in the battle of Culloden, on the Jacobite side They were equally astonished and grieved, but they felt that there was but one thing to be attended to at that time,—that his life was in danger, and that it was necessary to find some mode of sheltering him, and preventing his retreat from being discovered It would have been running an imprudent risk to endeavour to conceal him in the Rectory, where the servants were new and after some hesitation, and the discussion of various plans, none of which seemed to be feasible, Mr Temple set off to the Manor House to consult with Lady Vernon, while his wife returned to the house to procure some refreshment for her brother, who

had retreated to the evergreen thicket where he had been concealed when she entered the garden The old lady was less astonished than Mr Temple expected She said immediately, that her nephew, Charles's father, notwithstanding his marriage with one of the ladies of Queen Caroline's Court, had been always suspected of a leaning towards the Stuart family, and had never, in consequence, been a favourite with the reigning family She saw her young kinsman's danger even in a stronger light than the Temples had, and she came at once to a decision as to what was to be done She begged Mr Temple to bring his brother-in law to the side door of her house soon after midnight, and to remain with him in the dark shrubbery which extended some distance in that direction and she added, that either one of her old servants or herself would be there to open the door to him, and to conduct him to a small chamber beyond her own dressing room, which was always kept locked, and where his presence would never be suspected, if he were once able to reach it undiscovered

This plan was effected with little difficulty, but it was found on the following morning that whether

they had wished him to remain or not, it would have been impossible for him to have gone further, or sought any other retreat The unfortunate young gentleman was too ill to rise from the couch which Lady Vernon and her old and faithful servant had prepared for him

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May 1, 1746

Lucy went to the manor house soon after breakfast this morning, and was shocked to find that her brother was in a high fever, and delirious Lady Vernon was sitting by his side, waiting for Jenny to come and apply leeches to his temples Lucy talked to her of sending for a doctor , but her aunt told her that we must not think of doing so, except as a last resource She spoke with much calm self-possession, and said that she thought Jenny and herself could, with God's blessing on their remedies, reduce the fever and bring him round but Lucy left her with an aching heart We have agreed to go to the manor house for a few days, that we may be at hand to assist in nursing poor Charles We shall then be able to take our turn by his bed-side at night We comfort ourselves by knowing that our

poor sufferer is with us, and not still wandering about without a home or a shelter nor is his retreat likely to be suspected

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May 5

The care and judicious treatment of our excellent Lady Vernon and her maid, have already, with the blessing of God been attended with the most beneficial results Charles Harrington is slowly, but, so far as we can judge, certainly, recovering He is still, however, in a state of weakness, almost incredible His mind is evidently much disturbed by something, which he has not disclosed He has been extremely agitated when I have been reading the Holy Scriptures to him, and praying with him. I have thought it best hitherto to ask him no questions, as his nervous system is much shaken I have my suspicions, but I may be mistaken, and I keep them to myself

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May 8

I was sitting to day with Lady Vernon, having left Lucy with her brother She was absent a longer time than usual, and when she came down

appeared in great distress She scarcely waited to be questioned, but told us she had discovered the source of her brother's dejected and troubled state "He has renounced his religion," she exclaimed, "and become a papist!" And, as she said this, she wept for some time in uncontrollable grief Lady Vernon waited till the first burst of her sorrow was over, and then said with gentle sweetness, but very calmly "Your sorrow, my dear Lucy, is very natural, but you must forgive my saying that I cannot share in your exceeding distress Let me first ask you whether, in your calm opinion, our dear Charles had any religion to change? He had doubtless his own code as to what was honourable and right in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the world, and he has I fear fallen from that low height, and sinned against an unenlightened conscience As an English gentleman, and by outward profession a Protestant, he has yielded perhaps from motives, of which at present we know nothing, to do that which has degraded him in his own sight Thus, I conclude, is the extent of his offence, and it is and ought to be a grave offence against his own conscience, and according to

his own standard He has thought himself right before (not that he has ever, I fear, exercised much thought on the subject), and he has now done what he knows to be wrong but I pray God," she continued, "that good may come out of this apparent evil, and that we may yet have to thank God, for that which now seems to us a source of so much distress"

"But, indeed," said Lucy, more quietly, "you have not known Charles as I have known him He was all that was noble and disinterested Was he not, Allan? Tell my dear aunt, for you know him and love him, and can tell her, how much there was admirable about him"

"I know it, and I agree to it all, my dear child, and before you last parted with Charles, you would have added that he was religious also, though he made no profession, and was in some respects not exactly what a truly religious person ought to be not, for instance, what your distinguished ancestor was, whose life we were reading not long ago, in Dr Samuel Clark's valuable folio,* but now, my Lucy, you know better

* See the Life of John, Lord Harrington, in Clark's *Marrow of Ecclesiastical Divinity*

You know what vital religion is, and you cannot possibly persuade yourself that our beloved invalid was ever a religious man, and I know Charles Harrington well,—perhaps as well as you do I knew him well before I had ever seen his dear sister He and your late father were often my guests when I resided in Wiltshire He came to me, as you may remember, after your father's death, but since then—since he has been lying ill in this house, I have had many opportunities of observing the state of his mind It could not indeed be otherwise, for even since you and Allan have been my guests, no one has been so constantly his companion as myself, as you well know Much of my time—owing to my state of health—is now spent in my dressing-room, and my absence upstairs is therefore less noticeable than yours or Allan's Yes, I have seen much of poor Charles, conversed much with him during his short abode here, and I had discovered soon after he came, what you have now told us Till he felt inclined to speak on the subject, I made up my mind to ask him nothing nor shall I now One promise he has made me, most solemnly, and I know that he will keep it when he leaves us,

which he talks of doing He will never part with the New Testament, which I have given him at his own request He will not fail to read some portion of it, if but a few verses, daily, and to pray for light from the Holy Spirit when he reads it It matters little, my children, what name he bears, whether Catholic or Protestant, while he continues to read that book with prayer for Divine guidance"

Lucy's tearful eyes were now beaming with looks of fond affection, as she rose up and tenderly embraced her aged kinswoman "Shall we not thank God, dear Allan," she then said, turning to me, "for bringing our dear lost one to this blessed roof, and for the guidance He has graciously given him?" We knelt down to praise and thank God for His goodness, and to commend our beloved brother to His holy keeping, imploring Him, in His own best and wisest way, to make all circumstances and events, in the future course of him for whom we prayed, to work together for his spiritual and eternal welfare and when I had ended my prayer, we rose up refreshed and comforted in our inward hearts, feeling that He whom we had sought had been with us, and heard our earnest, anxious supplications, and would assuredly answer us for His own Son's sake

May 25

Charles has been still recovering, but his progress has been slower than we expected —His wise and tender nurse, who has shewn her skill as well as her kindness, in her treatment of him, has come to this opinion, that his constant confinement to the house is the real cause of his tardy convalescence Though she has admitted as much fresh air as possible to his narrow chamber, and has got him to take exercise, in walking up and down the length of her dressing room and bed room, with locked doors, and windows widely opened, she is convinced that he pines for want of more bracing exercise, under the clear sky, and in the freshening breezes of this delightful season —Since our return to the rectory, we have been less with him, and we fear the anxiety and confinement are also beginning to tell upon the delicate frame of our beloved Lady Vernon but she will not agree to this —We have settled to-day, that should to-morrow be a fine, clear day, Lucy shall take her brother, while the servants are at dinner, to the long yew walk, at the northern side of the house, which they may reach with ease, by taking a circuitous path through the shrubbery, I shall be

posted in the alcove at the end of the upper terrace, with a book in my hand, but my eyes taking the range of the yew walk, and the smaller flower garden, at the end next the house Should I see cause for alarm, they will at my first signal retreat to the summer house, at the further end of the yew walk, and locking the door by which they enter, go down the steps at the other door, into the root house, and from thence keep the path under the shadow of the hornbeam hedge, till they reach the orangery, from thence they can easily gain the kitchen garden, and come along under the high wall to the door which opens into the shrubbery, while I, having returned to the house, will have the same door open for them by which they entered, at the foot of the staircase leading to my Lady's own rooms —The head-gardener will be sent after breakfast to Temple Pleasance, taking a cart to bring back some pots of the new roses from China, which my mother has promised to Lady Vernon the under-gardener is to go with him, as he has never been over to Temple Pleasance, that he may see the gardens and the forcing houses, and they are to dine there and the other men, the labourers, will be gone home to dinner at the time,

so that the coast that way will be clear—my Lady in the meanwhile will keep guard at the end window of the gallery, which commands a view of all the gardens and the wilderness beyond, and should it be necessary, will give me a signal by shutting the casement with as much noise as possible, and dropping her fan out of the window as she does so

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May 26

All our plans succeeded admirably, poor Charles paced up and down in the yew tree walk for three quarters of an hour, we trust unseen by any one but ourselves—and returned to the house much refreshed, though somewhat fatigued by his walk

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May 28

Yesterday we had a violent shower of rain, just at the time that Charles and Lucy were about to leave the house—and the rain continued more or less all the afternoon—but to day has been beautifully fine, and our dear invalid ventured out with me as his companion, and at the termination of his walk remained in the summer house, till my Lady Vernon, who came to us for a few moments, told us that she

had sent for the gardeners to meet her at the orangery, where she detained them, giving orders for the removal of the largest orange trees, and the pomegranates, to the terrace We took advantage of her doing so to return as we came, by the shrubbery to the house Jenny Cox was waiting at the door to admit us

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June 1

This is the fourth time that Charles has taken exercise in the yew walk—he is much better, though still weak When entering the shrubbery on our return, Lucy, who was on the terrace keeping watch, saw Jack Steel, an under gardener, pass across the end of the yew walk near the summer house he stood still for a minute, and looked down the walk just as we had turned into the shrubbery near the old plane trees, *she* saw us, but thinks *he* could not He passed on and she saw no more of him I like not this, he is an idle fellow—we must be more cautious

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June 3

This morning a man and horse brought me a let-

ter from my brother Cuthbert, the man is his trusty servant, Harry Joyce, he says he rode in all haste from Coventry, where he left my brother, and was to give the letter to no hand but mine—to wait for my answer and return immediately

This letter bodes no good, it seems that they are still on the watch to take poor Charles My brother thinks it not unlikely that search will be made at Temple Pleasance, and perhaps at Springhurst He has good reason to know the truth, being in favour at Court, and his information must be attended to without loss of time but what is to be done? At present I know not

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June 4

A note from Lady Vernon, brought by good Mr Harcourt Cuthbert's letter was but just in time, Charles is gone and may God in his good providence guide and protect him My suspicions concerning Jack Steel were not without foundation Mr Harcourt, who had been over at Temple Pleasance, had seen him in close parley with a party of soldiers down in the village of Temple Underwood, after having been to the Hall to search there for Charles

the manor house Why they should go there we cannot tell, as they were not likely to know that Lady Vernon is the kinswoman of Charles, but they have doubtless tampered with Jack Steel, who is a deep fellow, and knows perhaps more than we suppose Jenny Cox, who is come back, tells me that Jack looked very sheepish when she met him on the terrace he upset an orange tree in his haste to get out of her way, on which she called him back, and rated him sharply for his awkwardness—glad of an excuse to shew her anger towards him in this our good Jenny was wrong, but I fear I should have done the same Charles reached the cottage on the heath safely,—and started, we know not whither, in a suit of Ned Cox's, by daybreak this morning he had a stout staff in his hand, and money in his pocket, and more sewed up in the lining of his waistcoat He will write by post, but how soon we cannot tell He took his New Testament with him, and his last words to my Lady and his sister were, "This book shall never be parted with, please God, while I live, and I will not fail, God helping me by His Spirit, to search it daily" Surely, surely we have ground for deep thankfulness

to God for this one thing If Charles has done wrong the Lord God seems graciously to have overruled both his sin and his troubles, to bring him to Himself He has learnt I trust the weakness of his own strength, and the vileness of his own natural heart, and he has gone forth a wiser man, and, as he must see for his good, a sadder man than he was before his fall Yes, we must thank God for all this' It is better to fall, as he has done, and be brought to know himself and seek for pardon and for grace, than to continue, as he might otherwise have done, in all the heyday of youth, and wealth, and pleasure, without God in the world, far too well satisfied with himself and with this wicked world to care to seek God and to serve Him

We hear nothing of our poor wanderer I dreaded Lucy's giving way to grief on his account, but I rejoice to find that she dwells rather upon his escape from the imminent danger he was lately in, than upon the risks and perils to which he is now exposed When thanking Lady Vernon for all her goodness to him I was struck by her strong faith in saying "He is now in better hands than ours we must leave him to God" We find that Charles is a

married man He said nothing of this till the very night before his departure Lady Vernon had then a long and satisfactory conversation with him, in which he told her many circumstances with which we were not before acquainted His wife is a Romanist lady, and one of the old De Lyle family Lady Vernon knew them some years ago They had the reputation, and she says it was a true one, of being rigidly strict She supposes that Charles's wife, being an heiress, is the only child of Sir Germain De Lyle's second son He married a Protestant lady, who was the friend of Lady Vernon, but became a Romanist the year after her marriage She had a large fortune, and was left a widow when her two children were young one was a son, but he died soon after his father Lucy feels much interested about her brother's wife, and tells me that from a miniature of her which Charles shewed her when he parted from her, she must be a very charming creature But on that very account she dreads, however, her influence the more on one of so impressible a temperament as her brother Lady Vernon thinks on the contrary, that the work which has begun in the heart of our brother Charles,

is of God, and therefore that it will stand, though he will doubtless be tried I tell dear Lucy that I am of the same mind with our aged friend He will, I feel assured, keep his promise, and will search the Scriptures daily, and then, whether he may now bear the name of Protestant or Romanist, the truth will finally prevail It is an inexpressible comfort to us that our poor outcast has such a companion as the word of God always at hand Surely its consolations will be found abundantly precious to him, the more his trials and sufferings abound He has received the word in much affliction, God grant that it may be also with joy of the Holy Ghost I do not here refer to the circumstances in which he has been placed, but to the deep affliction of spirit which I really believe he has experienced on waking up from the delusion of his late unprincipled course, when, as he confessed to Lady Vernon, he knew that he was outraging his own sense of the plain rule of right and wrong I trust he may not only carry the word of the Lord hid on his person, but that he may be enabled to say to the Lord "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I should not sin against Thee"

July 7

Cuthbert arrived last night at Temple Pleasance, and rode over to see us this morning He tells me that the prisons in some places are full of the prisoners taken after the dispersion of the rebel forces He had managed to learn the names of many of them the name of Charles Harrington had not been mentioned There is, it seems, a very bitter feeling at Court against him, from the circumstance of his having served under the present King, and held a commission in the English army It will be little short of a marvel, Cuthbert thinks, if he is not taken I do not mention this opinion to Lucy

" Lady Vernon lost a friend whom she highly esteemed at the battle of Culloden—the admirable Colonel Gardener She has written to his widow, Lady Frances, but not yet heard from her Alas, these are melancholy times! A civil war is a frightful evil, and its consequences very grievous The war, I trust, is at an end, but I dread to hear of the severe retribution which those of the Chevalier's followers, who have been taken, may be visited with Already the rumours of savage cruelties have

reached us Those will be blessed times to the people of God, when part of that blessedness will be, as it is written "Neither shall they learn war any more" We have cause to be thankful that this neighbourhood has been hitherto free from all such disturbances, little more than rumours have reached our quiet village Several noblemen and a large body of gentlemen are to be tried on the charge of high treason The unfortunate young Prince himself is still at large, perhaps a houseless wanderer among the desolate wilds of Scotland The immense reward of £30,000, which was offered for his head, may still be claimed, and unless he has already embarked on his return to France, it seems to me that it will be all but impossible for some person to resist the temptation of so large a sum His place of concealment is at present undiscovered

My brother's stay among us will be very short—a week at the furthest. He feels deeply for the unfortunate Chevalier and his adherents, but he is indignant at the thought that any one of our family should be suspected of disaffection to the reigning sovereign, and at the search which has

been made at Temple Pleasance and at Springhurst He would willingly remain in quiet among us here, for he seems heart-sick at the cruelties which have already followed up this ill-advised rebellion, but his presence now in London may be of use to poor Charles He will at least be able to hear, should Charles be taken, and to use the most prompt exertions to save his life Alas, both to Cuthbert and to myself, there appear but faint hopes of saving him should he be apprehended! But why anticipate evils which may not arise? Let us do what we can to guard against them, and be thankful for the mercies we have at present received

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July 9

Faith—what is faith? It is the medium by which I am enabled to realize God God is the glorious object realized by this spirit-faculty If God were to withdraw Himself, or had no existence, faith would be but as an eye which looks on vacancy, or a hand which grasps the empty air But the Lord, the Omnipresent God, has called me and said unto me "Seek ye my face" The unspeakable grandeur of the object realized, gives an unspeak-

able importance to faith. I stand on this earth which must be burnt up, among things which are *temporal*, but God is with me—God leads me I am a stranger here, but I am a child of God I behold God—I converse with God—I walk with God In everything I find God,—everywhere God God fills with His presence the realms of immeasurable space around me God dwells in the world within me In God I live and move and have my being But how is this? It is to faith that God is revealed It is so ordained of our gracious and reconciled Father that His children while on earth should by faith be ever present with Him, and without faith there can be no recognition, even on our part, of God. By faith we believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him nay, He has declared that without faith it is impossible to please Him May this consideration make us deeply thankful to God for the gift of faith, and the call to walk with Him by faith for all men have not faith O Lord, give us more grace, that we may live in a more lively, active exercise of faith, for where faith is really received into the heart it is not dormant—it is not slothful—it is

a living principle of action If we live by faith, we shall also walk by faith

Thus it was that Enoch walked with God, and "he had this testimony that he pleased God"—wonderful words! God testified of a man that his poor fallen creature pleased Him But not only is it true that, without faith it is impossible to please Him, but, that without faith it is impossible for a poor sinful child of God, in this uncertain world, to be happy The course of every man must be—nay, we know it is exposed to many changes—sorrows, sicknesses, losses, partings, trials innumerable, grievous temptations, and at length death, closing over all like a dark night "In the world ye shall have tribulation," said our blessed Lord to His own disciples, but this is the victory, said his beloved disciple, which overcometh the world, even our faith Faith opens to our view a prospect altogether different from that presented to the natural eye Thus as it is with our blessed Lord himself—to the natural eye He has no form, nor comeliness, nor beauty, while to the spiritual eye He is altogether lovely, so it is with His way, and His disciples' way in the world, though to the natural eye it is straight and narrow, and dark with a deep-

ening gloom, leading nearer and nearer to the grave —to the eye of faith it is all pleasantness and peace, and shineth more and more unto the perfect day Let me not suppose therefore that I am to find happiness in the walk of sight! Oh, it betrays a lamentable ignorance of the instructions which God has given us in His word, to suppose any thing of the kind He has told me expressly that it cannot be so The disorder and corruption of all things in the world, introduced by our own sins, have occasioned this, it is not of God Let me not search for gold in a pit of thick clay, or for the pearl of great price in a pool of stagnant waters! nay, when I find myself seeking perfect happiness on earth, may the angel's voice sound in my ears "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" If we will take upon ourselves, in opposition to Thy direct word to the contrary, O thou gracious and plain-speaking God! to expect happiness where thou hast told us it shall not be found, we may well lay all the shame and sorrow of our inevitable disappointment to our own perverseness and foolishness Why do I write thus? I cannot tell—my heart is heavy! and yet I know not why, I know not what it is that clogs me, and weighs me

down, I hope it is the sense of sin, that heavy burden which I should never care to drop, till I found myself sinking under it I have no present distress greatly to trouble me arising from the circumstances by which I am surrounded The future is necessarily wrapt in an inexplicable veil to me But though I know not what a day may bring forth, I would prepare my vessel for the stormy seas before the clouds have begun to gather for a tempest. Lord increase my faith help me to walk more simply by faith, that I may really walk with Thee! I love the heartiness of the godly Rutherford's language,—the language of his faith, when he says —

"Try well green godliness, and examine what it is you love in Christ, if you love but Christ's sunshine, and would have only summer weather, and a landgate, not a sea-way to heaven, your profession will play you a slip, and the winter-well will go dry again in summer Labour for a sound and lively sight of sin, that you may judge yourself an undone man, a slave of hell and sin one dying in your own blood, except Christ come and pity you and take you up" Ah how solemnly searching is he in another place, where he says "Oh, sincerity! if I knew but what

sincerity meaneth! Sir, lay the foundation thus, and you shall not soon shrink nor be shaken Make tight work at the bottom, and your ships shall ride against all storms, if withal your anchor be fastened upon good ground, I mean within the veil, and verily I think this is all, to gain Christ, all other things are shadows, dreams, fancies—and nothing" But if it be true that in the world we shall have tribulation, surely, as the godly Leighton shews, there is still sharper tribulation in the Church militant below "We see in a jeweller's shop, that as there are pearls and diamonds and other precious stones, so there are files, cutting instruments, and many sharp tools for their polishing, and while they are in the work-shop they are continual neighbours to them, and come often under them The Church is God's jewellery, his work-shop, where his jewels are a polishing for his palace and house, and those He especially esteems and means to make most resplendant, He hath oftenest his tools upon them" Let me then ever bear this in mind, that I must walk by faith and not by sight, at all times and under all circumstances, then and then only I shall, by grace and through faith, be able in everything to rejoice and give thanks

for, however dark the path of sight may be to the natural eye, the path of faith is always bright to the spiritual eye We come out of self when we walk by faith, we leave the world and we enter the path of faith, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day in that path we may at all times give thanks

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July 11

We have been staying at Temple Pleasance, and we met there Lady Vernon and Mr and Mrs Harcourt My dear father had prepared a delightful surprise for us Whom should we meet but our beloved friend Mr Falkland, and my father introduced him to us, as the Rector of Temple Underwood I had felt a little astonished some weeks ago, when, on the death of poor old Mr Jannings I asked him to whom he intended to present the living, and received this short answer I can tell you nothing about it at present Having said this, he turned abruptly away, and began conversing with some other person This was unlike my dear father, and I felt hurt and perplexed both by his words and manner, but I reminded myself that I had neither right nor

wood came just at the time when he must either have resigned the charge, or have sunk under it The living too was a very poor one in a densely populous town He has now a sphere for which he is admirably fitted

He is to remain with his sister at Temple Pleasance for the next twelve months, as my father intends to rebuild the Rectory, which is almost tumbling to pieces Miss Falkland was a stranger to us, though not to the Harcourts, they had met her when they were paying a short visit to her brother last year She has only resided with him since her mother's death, who was his father s second wife Lucy is greatly taken with Miss Falkland but they are very different. I have seldom met with one so silent, and yet she is not reserved, what she does say is always to the purpose, and is set off by the music of her low, sweet voice —She is usually grave, but her gravity is that of a thoughtful and reflecting spirit I saw that she could be cheerful, even to playfulness, with children, two of Mrs Harcourt s daughters who were with their parents, seemed to attach themselves to her whenever they could get near her She sung at my father s request, an air of

Handel's, and with such pure taste, and a voice of so fine a quality, that the effect was all but entrancing

Lucy and she, I observed, frequently conversed together during our stay, and Lucy's account of her confirmed my impression "Those words of Holy Scripture,' said my dear wife "were continually in my mind, while she was speaking The meekness of wisdom, that wisdom which is described as pure, peaceable and gentle She will prove, if I am not much mistaken, a great acquisition to our circle of friends, she will perhaps hold a distinguished position among us '

"I know not what you mean, my Lucy,' said I, "pray explain yourself"

"How can I" ' she replied, "when I scarcely know what I mean, but I would rather seem a little mysterious than explain myself even to myself, and be laughed at by you"

"Well, Lucy, if your mystery clears up as delightfully as my dear father's," I said, "I shall be quite satisfied But you will tell me,—only me ' I added cunningly

"No, sir, not even you, 'tis but a woman's idle fancy perhaps, and though, my dear kind husband, I

keep no facts from you, fancies are sometimes best kept to oneself.

"But if I guess?"

"Why then—but no, even then I remain impenetrable still I know what I know, or rather what I think," and she looked up from her work and smiled.

"So then I am to hear, for you seem determined to challenge my inquiries, till you have excited my curiosity still more, and then I suppose you mean to tell me Won't you give me one word as a clue, and then I may exercise my skill, and come perchance to the centre of this labyrinth of mysterious fancies?"

"Yes, I will freely give you one word," she said archly, "and that word is, 'wait', for if time turns my fancy to a fact, I may be willing to own it, and then you will not laugh at me, you will meet the fact with smiles of approval, that is, if on this subject we should think alike, as we usually do"

"Well, well, I give it up, since I must neither ask nor guess"

"The best thing we can both do at present," she said, "and now, dear Allan, I will not ask you to think on that word, wait, and put it into practice beyond five minutes, I will be ready in that time or

less, to bear you company, for to day, you know, you are to take me with you on a parish circuit, and we must make haste, if we are to do our work without being hurried in it and to dine with Lady Vernon afterwards'

I was very happy to see my dearest wife cheerful again, for alas! her usual cheerfulness had vanished during many long weeks and how could it be otherwise, when the brother, whom she loves so tenderly, was in jeopardy of his life? The day before we left my father and mother, we were surprised by the appearance of my dear brother at Temple Pleasance He would trust no second hand with the news which he brought with him, and had thought it best to destroy the letter which contained it, before he left London Our good friend, Mr Truman, the London merchant, who is my father's banker had received the letter in a packet from a correspondent at Rotterdam Our poor Charles had arrived there in safety, and after remaining a few days with the friend of Mr Truman, had proceeded to Heidelburg in Germany He wrote a few lines to Cuthbert, and he added, my brother tells us, a postscript to Lady Vernon, to say he had kept—and should keep—his

promise, God helping him He had journeyed on foot to the eastern coast of England, avoiding all the large towns, and had reached Harwich in safety, from whence he embarked at night, within a few hours of his arrival there, having, by God's good providence, found a vessel about to sail with the first tide

Lucy was quite overcome at this joyful news, a load, she said, seemed lifted from her heart Her first thought was to turn to me, and to beg me come with her to her closet, that we might together return thanks to our most gracious God Our dear Lady Vernon, who knew at once why we had returned, joined us there, and without speaking, for she found us just in the act of kneeling down, knelt with us at our throne of grace, uniting her praises, and mingling her tears of joyful thankfulness with ours

On our return to the beloved circle below, Lucy was all smiles, but every now and then her eyes were overflowing with tears We thought the time was now come to tell my dear parents of the arrival of our poor exile at Springhurst, and of his concealment at the Manor-house, and my father wonders no longer at the search that was made

here, and at his own house He had been as I mentioned, most indignant at the suspicion of disloyalty attaching to his household or himself, and would have sent up a complaint and remonstrance to those in power, had it not been for my brother's advice, that he would let the matter rest

Cuthbert only remained that evening, and left by daybreak the next morning, on his return to London My brother is a noble fellow, and deservedly loved and respected by us all He is always seeking to be useful and kind to others, and thinks nothing a trouble to himself in being so He is much pleased at the appointment of Mr Falkland to the living of Temple Underwood He expressed also his high satisfaction to my father on finding that the evening at the Hall closed with family prayer Mr Falkland has introduced this new practice The old Chapel in the east wing has been opened and put in beautiful order, and the whole family assemble there morning and evening to worship God My father, with his usual habits of strict order, will not allow even a groom-boy or gardener to be absent At the first bell all, from within and without the house, are expected

to obey the summons, and when the second bell rings—five minutes after—all must be in their places in the Chapel My sister, or Miss Falkland, presides at the organ—for they have at Temple Pleasance a fine organ of Schreider's, which is now placed in the Chapel—and a psalm or a hymn is sung by the whole congregation I could not help almost weeping with joy to find such changes in my father's house Well, after all, these are but means of grace, but the Lord God is graciously pleased to ordain and to approve such means, and oftentimes to make them the channels of His saving grace to the soul may He do so to every soul at Temple Pleasance, is my fervent prayer I think of those beautiful words in the book of the prophet Isaiah "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth" I think of those words, and on the ground of them I pray that every soul in my father's household may be as a well-watered garden, where God giveth the increase and the blessing And for my own part, what can I do, but offer to Him anew the sacrifice

I have enough, nay more," she meekly cried,
"I dwell among mine own, and I am satisfied"

Was there no boon a monarch could bestow,
Nought that a prophet might demand on earth,
Nothing to cause that cup to overflow,
So filled with brimming blessings from her birth?
"I dwell among mine own," she only said,
"In this my happy home, and need no human aid"

Riches were hers, but she was bless'd with more
Than those in earthly treasure affluent,
Or garners teeming with their ripened store,
A sweet and grateful spirit of content
This was the great inheritance, which heaven
To the rich Shunamite had largely given

One blessing long desired, but still denied,
Was wanting to that home of peace and joy
She had no son The blessing was supplied,
The mother smiled upon her infant boy
But He whose love the long sought blessing sent,
Now taught a higher lesson than content.

The blessing was recalled The shades of death
Closed the fair eyelids of the lovely child
The mother felt that with his parting breath,
Earth of its sweetest blossom was despoiled
But checked the strong temptation to rebel,
And said, in meek submisson, "It is well"

O hard, sweet lesson! taught, my God! by Thee,
Deeply to suffer, and breathe no complaint,
In resignation to Thy wise decree
With the true wisdom of this gentle saint,
How blest the lot, where in one heart unite
Faith and content, as in this Shunamite

"But I suppose, Allan," she had added, "we must look for troubles?"

"Not exactly look for them," was my reply, "they come soon enough, unlooked for, but we must be prepared to welcome them"

"No, no, Allan, if you object to my word, I object to yours Why should we welcome troubles?—it is enough to be resigned to them when they come I did not mean that we should look out for troubles, it was only my way of expressing myself, and you know, dearest, that you often lecture me for my misuse of words Look for troubles! not I, indeed, but as you say, expect them and be prepared for them—but not welcome them"

"Yes, my own wife, welcome them, because whatever comes to us from God we should learn to welcome 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and shall we not love Him for loving us, though this be the proof of His love? He never willingly afflicts 'It is not for His pleasure,' as the apostle writes, but for our profit."

Lucy looked very grave "You make me sad," she said, "and yet your words are good words and comfortable words. Shall I own it to you, my

husband, I am frightened at the thought of this chastening of which you speak I know that it would be a proof of God's love, and yet I shrink from receiving such a proof, not so much from cowardice, but because I fear lest I should dishonour Him by my want of confidence in Him He is so good, so perfectly so supremely good, and I am so dull, so slow of heart, that if I should be led to misapprehend, to doubt and to distrust Him, it would be so ungrateful'

"It is wise and yet it is not wise, my sweet, humble wife, to speak thus—wise to distrust yourself—not wise to distrust Him He has taught you not to trust in yourself at any time, but in His strength which is made perfect in weakness Why should you fear? As your day is, so shall your strength be Let us not then take a morbid view of this subject. When troubles come (if they should come) He who sends them will send the strength with them to enable us to bear them till then we may safely leave all to Him, and stay ourselves on that great word 'He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'"

While I was thus speaking my eyes were fixed

upon the mother and her child, and I could not but mark the look of intense love with which my Lucy regarded the beautiful and sleeping boy, and the perfect security with which he lay reposing in her arms—the serenity spread over the closed eyelids and the clear forehead of the infant, and the little dimpled hand resting on her lap Suddenly the door of the study was pushed open, and our old mastiff, Leo, stalked into the room, wagging his huge tail and moving about with so unceremonious a disregard of everything in his way, that he upset the small round table near Lucy the noise of the falling table disturbed the child, he awoke crying, and as Leo approached him, he looked round with terror at the dog, and cried more loudly But Lucy soon soothed her infant, and when Leo came near them and laid his great head on her knee, the dear child placed his hand on the dog's head and laughed, But poor old Leo soon became troublesome, and I was obliged to turn him out of the house, and shut the door upon him When I came back the child lay already half asleep again in his mother's arms

"Here is an illustration, Lucy," I said, "of the things on which we were conversing If God should

wake us with a shock from a state of happiness as tranquil as that child's slumber, you know by experience how a mother soothes and comforts her weeping child Is the Lord our God less skilled in the sweet way of comforting His troubled child? Has he not even said to us in His word * 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted'" Was it the consoling assurance of these gracious words that caused Lucy to bend down immediately and press her lips softly to the fair cheek of her infant, and then look up to me with so lovely an expression of confiding love and peace in her dove-like eyes? She said not a word

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July 15

Letters from Cuthbert The accounts he gives of the execution of the unfortunate men who were taken on the side of Charles Edward are frightful How deplorable and disgraceful to a Christian community are such inhuman cruelties? It appears to me that no policy can justify such proceedings—no government have a right to assume and exercise such terrible

* Isaiah lxvi, 13

authority The details of those executions on Kennington Common are revolting to human nature, as well as to common decency Who can wonder at the death of the poor young lady who witnessed the execution of her betrothed husband, young James Dawson? It must have been a species of madness which drew her to the spot, and it was doubtless worse than madness which broke her heart. She sat in a hackney coach, and his dreadful sufferings and death were all beheld by her She did not speak or give vent to the agony of her soul till all was over, and till no shriek, nor sound from her voice could break upon the ears of the dying man But when the shouts of the rabble rose on the air, as the executioner threw her lover's bleeding heart into the fire, she laid her head on her companion's shoulder, and cried, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee Sweet Jesus! receive both our souls together," and her spirit passed away with the last word from her lips They had hoped to obtain a pardon for the poor young man, but were unsuccessful in their application Had he been restored to them, the day on which he came out of prison was fixed by the friends of himself and the young lady for their

wedding day And this horrible fate would have been Charles's! Can we be ever thankful enough that he has hitherto escaped, and has not fallen into such cruel hands?

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

A SEASON of tranquil happiness had now set in to the Temple family, which continued for several years with slight interruptions At Springhurst few events occurred, except that the wife of the Rector became the mother of three more children,—one boy and two girls Lady Vernon's state of health improved, and the daughters of Mr and Mrs Harcourt had passed from their girlhood into modest and intelligent young women At Temple Pleasance, about a year after the last portion of the diary of the Rev Allan Temple which has been given above, a marriage took place, which Lucy owned to her husband was the event she had glanced at when she had entreated to be allowed to keep her fancies to herself, and given him no clue but the word—wait The elder son

of Sir Arthur wooed and won the gentle Miss Falkland, and this marriage was soon followed by that of Mr Falkland with Miss Temple From time to time letters were received from Germany, where Mr Harrington continued to reside, among his mother's relations his wife and son were with him More than one attempt had been made in high quarters to obtain a pardon for him, and permission to return to his own country, but, though it was said that Frederick, Prince of Wales, had exerted his influence in his behalf, no hopes had been held out that his offence would ever be overlooked and forgiven

The last letter received from Germany mentioned that Mrs Harrington had gone to England, at the invitation and request of old Sir Germain De Lyle, and being herself extremely anxious to see her own mother, of whose failing health she had been apprized by Sir Germain, Mr Harrington wrote that his wife was intending to pay a short visit at Springhurst, that she might become personally acquainted with her husband's sister But more than a year passed away the promised visit was not paid, and no letter came from Germany. The death of Mrs De

Lyle was noticed in the public papers, but this was all that was heard by the party at Springhurst

One dull afternoon in the month of November, in the year 1758, Allan Temple had returned from a long walk to a distant part of his parish, and had scarcely entered the Rectory, when his wife met him and put into his hands a sealed packet, which she had opened It had been brought an hour before by a man and horse in the livery of the De Lyle family, who had refused to deliver the packet to any hands but those of her husband or herself Lucy drew him aside, and in great distress communicated to him the contents of the packet Her brother was in England, and apparently at the point of death Mrs Harington had written, entreating them both to come to their brother without delay They afterwards learnt that Mrs Harington, at the time of her mother's death, was dangerously ill, and that her husband's anxiety had been so great about her, that he had set off, leaving his son in Germany, and had come to England in disguise, and proceeded to Nethercliffe, where he now remained concealed He found his wife recovering, and they were about

to return to Germany together, when he himself was taken ill, and on medical advice being asked, his disorder was pronounced of so alarming a character that his removal from Nethercliffe was deemed altogether out of the question His constitution was indeed totally broken up, and when the letter was dispatched to Springhurst, it was thought impossible for him to survive many days

The following letter was written by Mr Temple to Lady Vernon It is dated, "Deal," from which place Mrs Harington was about to embark on her return to Germany, having left Nethercliffe the morning after her husband's funeral

"The date of this letter, my dear and valued Lady Vernon, will perhaps astonish you Lucy and I are here with our poor widowed sister, she is waiting for a favourable wind to sail for Hamburgh We think her in a very wretched state of health, but now her husband is gone she has set her heart upon returning immediately to her child, and unfit as she is to encounter the exertion of travelling, her anxiety of mind is more likely to injure her than bodily fatigue She clings to Lucy, who loves

her tenderly, and who, under God, has been her chief support in the trial she has lately gone through Indeed I never saw the law of kindness so sweetly exercised as in all Lucy's ways with poor Constance She seemed to forget her own grief (and you know how she loved her brother), in her affectionate anxiety for her sister-in-law The day is dark and stormy, the sea tossing and rolling tremendously, and Constance, knowing that it is impossible for her to sail till there is a change in the weather, has been prevailed on by Lucy to remain in bed Her chamber at the back of the house is comparatively quiet, and Lucy has had a fire lighted in the room, and seldom quits her bedside I am left alone, and I cannot do better than give you some account of our late visit to Nethercliffe Surely no one has a greater claim to every detail connected with the last days of your beloved nephew's sojourn on earth than your Ladyship—one of the friends whom he loved best on earth Let me, however, first thank you and our dear Miss Harcourt for your kindness to our darling children Lucy bids me say that we have no anxiety about them, while they are under your joint

care She trusts that Minnie is not troublesome, and that you will not scruple to send her to nurse if she is, or to let her be with Jenny Cox, who is an especial favourite with the children Hugh and Minnie are seldom better pleased than when invited to drink tea with her in her own little sitting room Pray tell Hugh, from me, that I depend on him, I know he will watch and pray for strength to keep his promise to me —But to return —We reached Nethercliffe, after travelling all night, towards the evening of the day following our departure from Springhurst The day had been mild, but gloomy, but towards its close the sun made its appearance from behind the clouds, and was setting in a deep crimson sky when we entered the grounds of Nethercliffe For many previous miles our road had been across a broad and desolate heath, and much as I admire that sort of scenery, I must own that I never passed through a more dreary region Nothing was to be seen but a succession of low bleak hills and dismal hollows, while the road in places was a deep quicksand, and the horses proceeded slowly, having to toil up and down one hill after the other We

reached at length the stone wall entirely enclosing the park of Netherclifle, beyond which one is able to see nothing, owing to the broad belt of Scotch firs within the wall We had great difficulty in gaining admittance at the lodge, till the groom, who was riding behind us at some distance, made his appearance, when the heavy gates were instantly thrown open But we soon found that we had only entered the outer park, for we caught sight in places of an old brick wall through the branches of the large trees standing as thick as in a forest in the outer park Here another lodge stopped our progress, but only for a few minutes From thence the road began to descend through a long and double avenue of magnificent oaks Still the house was not to be seen, but we found ourselves on the green margin of a broad lake of dark clear waters, along which we continued our course for about a quarter of a mile, to a spot where a raised causeway has been thrown across the broad waters The avenue is here narrower, but continues over the whole length of the causeway And here again we came to old and spreading trees, thickly grouped together, and the road descended

through a rocky ravine to the level ground on which the ancient mansion stands A broad moat entirely surrounds the house, and we entered by a drawbridge, which was not let down till we had reached the edge of the moat We had no sooner entered the court-yard, than I heard the creaking of the chains as the bridge was again drawn up

Such is the mansion of the De Lyles, a place well suited for the retreat of those who desire to elude the observation of their fellow-men, or, at least, to gain time for concealment, in case their retreat should be suspected, and their privacy invaded It is an old catholic mansion, few of which, I should suppose, so skilfully planned and well placed, are to be found in our protestant country I doubt whether under any other circumstances but those which have caused us to be summoned here, any members of the reformed church would have been willingly admitted to its interior We were received with rigid courteousness, in a low, but spacious hall of dark oak, lined with gloomy pictures, by the master of the mansion, and his eldest son Sir Germain is evidently far advanced in years, tall and unbending, his hair as white as snow, his dark eyes

flashing and piercing as those of an eagle, his dress, of an old fashion, was a complete suit of black velvet his son was also in mourning, and perhaps a more forbidding looking person than his father, so that our first impressions of Nethercliffe, taking much of their tone also from the state of our own anxious minds, were sufficiently sombre We were ushered into a large saloon, richly, but plainly furnished, but also panelled with dark oak and there, rising from his seat at our entrance, and leaving the wide fireplace, which was blazing with huge logs of burning wood, a very different person accosted us Laying down the book which he had been reading, and coming forward with a bland smile, Mr Basil De Lyle bowed courteously to us as we approached and his father introduced him If features and contour alone constitute a handsome man, he is remarkably handsome, but there is a look of subtilty in his eyes, and a dropping, yet winking of the eyelids, when you endeavour to fix his gaze, which causes an involuntary distrust His smooth and flattering words were accompanied by a peculiar smile, one which worked the muscles of the face like a piece of machinery, but on subsiding, left not a gleam behind, it was the smile of

the muscles, not of the heart Much as I felt repulsed by the manners of the father and elder brother, they appeared after a little time to be merely disagreeable, but one could not help preferring their unpleasant bearing, to that of their courteous, but, I fear, wily kinsman I only wonder that Charles Harrington could be pleased with him We marvelled exceedingly that he could smile and talk so placidly on various subjects, with a dying relation in the house, and his indifference grated on our feelings But after conversing for a short time in this way, and scarcely receiving an answer from Lucy or myself, and no doubt perceiving the impression his manner had produced on us, with consummate tact he glided into a totally different style of conversation He spoke strongly, and with some bitterness, on the subject of the late unhappy rebellion, passing an indignant censure upon the ambition of the leaders in both parties, and referring to the account they would have to render to God, for the waste of human life but though he spoke earnestly, and seemed to be worked up by his own warmth of feeling, once or twice his eye encountered mine, and I saw from the subtle glance which he directed alternately at Lucy and

myself, that he was rather watching the effect of his remarks upon us, than speaking what he thought or felt. Yes, and he knew that I understood him, for after meeting one of these glances, he appeared slightly discomposed,—rose up, and left us, saying something to himself, of which we caught nothing but the name of Mr Harington But all this time we had received no summons to go to our dying brother Lucy's first agitated questions on entering the house, had been a request to see her brother instantly, and it was then that the cold and haughty reply she received from Sir Germain had made us shrink from his repulsive manners —"Madam, he sleeps now, and you doubtless would not disturb him" She had said nothing more on the subject for some minutes, but then turning again to the old baronet, "let me at least be taken to his chamber, and sit by his bedside I will not speak or move, but I shall be near him"—"And when he wakes, madam, the shock of your sudden appearance might kill him." Lucy was again silent at length, with a calm, but dignified manner, such as I had never seen before, and which I should scarcely have supposed her capable of assuming, she turned to

Sir Germain, with a look and voice as cold and determined as his own, and said "You will at least ring the bell, sir, and if no one else can acquaint my sister that I am here, and ready to come to Mr Harrington when he is prepared to see me, you will order one of your servants to do so" From that moment,—whether it was that the old man gave her credit for as haughty a spirit as his own, and felt that she would not succumb to him, or, that he was really pleased with her resolute and dignified bearing,—whatever the cause might be, his cold and rigid stateliness relaxed, and he treated her with a courteousness which was at times almost kindness

About half an hour after our arrival, a very different person from any of the family we had yet seen, entered the room —the wife of our beloved brother came to us Notwithstanding her deep dejection, she welcomed us with an engaging sweetness of manner, after saying a few affectionate words to both of us, she looked at Lucy a little while, and said, "Yes, it is as he told me, I am sure that I must love you!" and she threw her arms around her, and kissed her, giving way at the same time to a burst of weeping "You will stay with me," she

said, "and help me to nurse him There was some hesitation," she added, regardless of the presence of her grandfather and uncle, "as to sending for you, or rather, as to admitting you to his chamber but it is best to be open, and to throw ourselves entirely upon your honour, and to tell you that it is a secret chamber You must be well aware, that your brother's life would not be safe for a moment, even in this house, were it not for such a retreat. I am sure, sir," she continued, turning to Sir Germain, "you must agree with me that the best safeguard we can resort to with persons of the character of Mr Temple and my sister, is that of honour You, sir, and my uncle Oliver are of this opinion, and my uncle Basil will find out that our confidence is not misplaced" Mr Basil De Lyle, who had again entered the room and resumed his seat by the fire side, looked up from his book with a quiet glance, but on meeting my eye smiled graciously, and said in his blandest tone, that whatever his doubts might have been before, it was only necessary to become acquainted with Mr and Mrs Temple to dismiss them. Mrs Harrington looked at him for a moment, but made no remark, and drawing Lucy's arm within

her own, led her from the room, begging me to follow

We ascended the grand staircase, and entered a long corridor, and passed through several gloomy chambers, till we stopped at one smaller and more meanly furnished than the others, here Mrs Harrington left us, begging us to wait for her return In a few minutes she came back, saying, "the secret door is now open" She did not lead us farther than to the fire place in the room where we had waited for her, but on one side, within the space of the chimney, we found that a dark passage was open, the spring, or means of opening it, was evidently in some other room we passed under the lofty, carved chimney-piece, and were soon ascending a flight of steps, which brought us to a small chapel, which we entered by a door on one side of the altar "This is their place of worship," said she, "and it is, as you are aware, necessarily a secret retreat My dear husband's chamber is beyond it, and so skilfully placed, that unless the house were to be pulled down, it would scarcely be discovered I will tell him you are here, and come back to take you to him immediately" The chamber in which we found poor

Charles, was small, but airy and pleasant, and well lighted from above, it was well furnished, and altogether a most comfortable retreat. He was evidently in the last stage of a rapid consumption, and unable to leave the bed, or rather couch, on which he was reclining, supported by pillows An old, and faithful female servant was sitting by his side, who rose and retired to the chapel on our appearance He was more pleased than agitated at seeing us, and he told us that if he could only have seen his boy he should have been perfectly happy During the two days that he survived, I had many deeply interesting interviews with him His wife and sister were constantly by his bedside, and Lucy and I have many affecting details to give you, when we meet, of his conversation with us He frequently spoke of you, and said that he had kept his promise and never allowed a day to pass without searching—(he said searching, not reading, as he would once have said) —the New Testament you had given him Not that he had confined himself to that one portion of the inspired word He had with him a small bible, which he showed me, and I found it marked in most of the sacred pages I prayed with him and read

to him when we were alone together, but I asked no questions as to the name of the Church to which he outwardly belonged I found that he loved the Holy Scriptures, and that he looked for redemption and salvation simply and wholly to our Lord Jesus Christ, and I thought there was no time then for other questions of deep importance My great anxiety was to find in him marks of a member of the one true Church and these marks I discovered

On the evening that he departed I was sitting in the library, where I passed most of my time, if not with Charles, when I received a sudden summons—a note from Lucy, written in pencil, begging me to come immediately, if I wished to see him once more alive, for she saw that he was dying I lost no time in going to him On passing through the secret chapel I was struck by finding a Romish priest in full canonicals sitting there He was reading, and his white surplice and the open pages of his book seemed to concentrate all the light of the lamp suspended from the ceiling the rest of the chapel was almost in darkness, and as he neither moved nor spoke, I passed on without noticing his features I found poor Charles gasp-

ing for breath He clasped the hand I extended to him, and then turning his eyes alternately to Lucy and myself he fixed their gaze on his wife and whispered faintly, "I commit her and my child to God and to you Your hand, my Constance," he added after a short pause, and when she had given it to him he raised himself with an effort, and we saw that he wished to place it in ours We assured him with what willingness we received the sacred charge he committed to us, and smiling on me as his head sunk on the pillow, he murmured "Pray, my brother, pray" I began to pray, but scarcely had the sound of my words risen from my lips, when a hand was placed on my shoulder I did not start, for I strongly repressed the impulse to do so, my eye had caught the gleam of the priest's surplice as the folds of it fluttered near me I continued praying, but the hand was still on my shoulder, and its grasp was stronger, and a voice whispered in my ear, "I must beg you to take your leave of him, or there will be no time to administer the last offices of his Church, and, let me add, that after that service is over no one must be admitted here" Though I was at first taken by surprise,

I was not altogether unprepared for this interruption, after having seen the priest sitting robed in the chapel, but I own I was astonished, on turning to address him, to see Basil De Lyle before me, and for the first time in his true character, —that of a Jesuit priest, his bland and courteous smile replaced by a grave and commanding severity, his large, stern eyes and every feature wearing an expression of imperious defiance. His voice was low, scarcely rising above a deep whisper "I am sorry to be obliged to remind you,' he said, "that you have no place here, no right but that of affection, to which we have conceded everything that was due, I must now beg you to depart and to leave us together" I had made up my mind what to do, and rising up, I turned from the Jesuit priest and looked stedfastly at Charles But he had seen, and, I suspect, heard everything Before I could speak he rose up in bed, though with difficulty His wife's arm was thrown round him as he did so, to support him, he said something to her, and she turned her eyes to Lucy, who poured some liquid into a glass and held it to his lips, and then bathed his forehead with Hungary water His eyes

brightened and he spoke clearly "I wish to die in love and peace with all men," he said, "but I would state distinctly, that I am not a Roman Catholic I committed a great sin in joining that Church, I did it in ignorance, I have confessed and repented of that sin, and I believe I am forgiven Were I not to renounce my error, now that I have seen it, my sin would be against light,—a sin not to be forgiven Constance," he added, "tell me once more, is not our faith the same, are we not one in Christ?"

"We have long been so, my own love," she replied, "and it was wrong, very wrong, to let any consideration, any wish for peace keep us silent It was too much akin to that system, the workings of which we have seen so much of"

The Jesuit fixed his eyes upon them for a moment, the dark blood rose in his face even to his temples, and was succeeded by a death-like pallor He drew in his breath and mastered his spirit, and then turning to me with a calmness that astonished me, he said "This, sir, I presume is your work, and the perdition of immortal souls must lie at your door, and this, let me tell you, is but a poor

return for the implicit confidence which has been reposed in you But, my poor erring children," he added, with a gentleness and meekness which shewed his extraordinary power of self command, "I cannot suffer you to perish, the dupes of an insidious but deadly heresy, without using one last effort to save you Your sin is great, but the Church still opens her arms to receive you as penitent children, still raises her voice to speak pardon and peace Where but in the true Church can you hope to find the certain assurance of your salvation?"

"I have found it," said the dying man, with a solemnity of look and manner which it is impossible to describe, "I have found it, but not in any word of man, whether Protestant or Catholic It is here alone to be found" and he placed his hand on the Bible which lay open on the coverlet, "it is here that God has revealed it to me by his Spirit."

The Jesuit quietly took up the book, looked at it in silence, and as quietly replaced it I thought I saw something like a smile of derision curling the muscles of his mouth, but whether he would have spoken again or not, I cannot tell, for at that moment another voice rose upon the dead

stillness of the chamber "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," were the solemn words we heard, and every eye was fixed upon the countenance of him that uttered them Again his lips moved, but no sounds were audible, his head drooped, like that of an infant sinking to sleep, on the gentle bosom of her who supported him no one dared to interrupt the breathless silence of the next few moments, till one gentle sigh told us that all was over, and that he had fallen asleep in the Lord

I feel scarcely equal to the task of telling you more at present The scenes which followed would jar upon the account I have given you of that most peaceful and most blessed close to our beloved brother's course on earth When I speak of scenes, I do not allude to violence There was no violence of any kind, but never can I forget, though it will perhaps be best to enter into no details, the cold bitter, and repulsive treatment which Lucy and myself and our poor Constance met with in that gloomy mansion, for gloomy in every sense it now was We passed our time together, Lucy and Constance in the same chamber at night, and I in the ad-

joining one, and it would be difficult to describe to you the relief which we all felt when the morning after the funeral we found ourselves journeying through the open country, on our way to this port We shall have much to tell you of what we have heard from Constance both of herself and of her husband, and I trust that many months will not pass away before our dear sister will be able to speak to you herself of her past conflicts of spirit, and of her present bright and blessed hopes She purposes to return to England in the Spring with her son, Ferdinand, and to reside near us at Springhurst I tell her that if there should not be room enough at the Rectory, she is sure to find a welcome at the Manor house

I find on reading over these pages, that I must not risk sending them by the post, they must make part of my diary, and be submitted to my dear Lady Vernon, should she wish to see them on my return to Springhurst

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March 3

A letter from Count Von Adelberg, the uncle of my Lucy and her brother He tells us that Con

stance has been much tried by the arrival of her uncle Basil at A———— He was all gentleness and kindness, and the Count feared that he was regaining much of his former influence over poor Constance He offers to superintend the education of her son The Count had warned her, but all his warnings and remonstrances had only tended to create a coolness and estrangement between himself and Constance She told him indeed that she saw in him a narrowness of spirit most unlike the enlarged charity of her uncle Basil We now understand parts of her letters which perplexed us, and her late unaccountable silence The Count says that it is evident no pains have been spared to prejudice Constance against Lucy and myself She also complained, it seems, of our not writing, when we have written frequently The letter of the Count to Lucy is in fact in reply to one from her, asking him to send her some account of Constance We feared that she was ill, or that our letters had not reached her

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March 17

Another letter from our German kinsman He

tells us that our dear Constance has been ill since he last wrote, her mind being much disturbed about her husband's last moments She had accused herself of not allowing him to receive the last rites of the Catholic Church This came out in her delirium, for her illness was fever, attended with delirium She had given her consent to Mr Basil De Lyle to educate her son, and was preparing to start with him and his pupil to Italy, when she was taken ill All this is plainly the work of that crafty Jesuit However, the influence which he had been regaining by his presence will, the Count hopes, be now dispelled The Jesuit has been arrested owing to information communicated to the court of A——— by the English minister Mr Basil De Lyle is deeply implicated in a political plot Had he not fled from England his life would have been in danger, and it seems he narrowly escaped, for his father's house was searched a few hours after he had left it. This information I received from Cuthbert, who has lately returned from London to Temple Pleasance He and his wife have been occupying my father's house in Soho Square, and

they have been much with the court. Cuthbert smiled at my ignorance and astonishment when he mentioned it as a well-known fact, that Mr Basil De Lyle is no other than that notorious Jesuit, Father Marshall

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June 12

At last we have heard from our sister Constance, she is at Hanover The count Von Adelberg had been appointed minister from the court of A—— to Hanover, and he has taken Constance and her son with him He was anxious, it seems, to restore the son of his nephew to the position which his father forfeited with the royal family, and after several interviews on the subject with Lord—— the English minister, and some demur, his application is in a fair way of succeeding The affection of the late excellent Queen Caroline for Charles and Lucy's mother, who was the Count's sister, had not been forgotten in the English court by the princesses, and at their intercession, it is hoped that the king may consent to restore the dear child to his father's small estate in England

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June 14

The small pox has broken out in the village It seems that a miserable woman and her children, the widow of a soldier who was killed in the late sad rebellion, had sunk down with fatigue and illness at the door of a cottage near the Rectory The kind and pious people of the house took her in, and made up a bed for her, sending immediately to beg that I would come and pray with her The poor creature died the next morning One of her children sickened the next day with the small pox, and it has proved of the most virulent kind We are using every precaution for we dread the spread of so fatal a scourge

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June 19

The small-pox has appeared in the further end of the village One of the farmers' wives, and two children, are laid up with it. We find on inquiry, that the poor soldier's wife had been permitted to sleep in a barn there, the night before she came to the cottage where she died Having questioned the eldest of her children, I have now learnt that her mother had buried the youngest child, who died of the small-pox at Shrewsbury, about a week since

June 21

The little child at the cottage near us, is dead, and the kind-hearted woman who nursed her, is taken ill Our own poor little Minnie has sickened to-day of the same frightful disease Lucy is very calm, and says that she feels assured that He, who has been pleased to visit us with this affliction, will enable us to pass through it, without dishonouring His holy name "We must pray, dear husband, against a faithless and murmuring spirit" She added, the tears filling her eyes, "if the sheep suffer, why should not the shepherd suffer with them?'

June 29

The good woman, blessed be God! is recovering, but our sweet Minnie is very ill, the disease assumed its worst form to day Lucy is most graciously supported Our admirable friend, Miss Harcourt, has come to us from the Manor House, and her calm self-possession, and trust in God, is a great support to us not that my dear wife is wanting in either respect. Our youngest child is unwell Lady Vernon has sent for the two others, and as there is no risk

for herself—(she has had the small pox)—we have agreed to accept her kind offer

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July 1

Our darling Minnie is taken from us The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!

July 18

This awful calamity has fallen heavily upon us it has continued to spread throughout the village We have now faint hopes of Arthur's life —sweet little sufferer, his patience is quite affecting

I have just left my Lucy and Miss Harcourt. Hearing the sound of weeping in the room above, I hastened up-stairs I found Lucy with her child lying dead on her knees Our dear Miss Harcourt gently removed the child, and my poor wife threw herself on my bosom "Let me weep, let me weep, Allan," she cried, in a voice so piteous, that it wrung my very heart, "I will say—I *can* say, it is well! but let me weep O the relief of these tears!" and as she spoke, she pressed her poor cheek closer to my bosom, and looked up in my face, the tears all

the while streaming over her pale, sweet face It was almost too much for me, but I was graciously enabled to speak a few soothing words to her, though I found that my own tears were falling almost as fast as her's We left the dear little lifeless body with nurse, who was also in great grief, and we went into the adjoining room, where we found great relief in spreading our case before that gracious and pitying friend, who in all our afflictions was afflicted "It is well!" said Lucy, as we rose up, and she spoke calmly —"My spirit is refreshed He hath done this, who doeth all things well 'His nature, and His name, is love'"

I was called soon after to visit a dying man, sinking under the same terrible disease Lucy was with me when the message came she looked up from the Bible in which she was reading, and said with a sad smile "There is one comfort, Allan, that Hugh and Ellen are safe we need have no anxious fears for them" What were my feelings of dismay, when, on returning home, I met a servant from the Manor House, bearing the overwhelming tidings that Hugh and his sister had both been taken ill that morning! This was the first news that I had

to communicate to my poor wife for she met me, asking if I had heard nothing from Lady Vernon, while in the village "She has never failed till to-day," said she, "to send to us before this hour" I had no need to speak, for she read in my countenance the agony of my heart, and guessed, and told me that she did so, what I was unable to contradict She hastened up stairs —I was detained a few minutes in giving orders about some nourishment to be sent to one of my sick people, and on going to her chamber, expecting to find her there, I learnt from nurse that she had set off, scarcely waiting to throw on her hat and cloak, to the Manor-house Miss Harcourt had seen her going, and had followed her

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August 20

A month has passed since I have written a word of this diary I have not had the heart to do so We are childless! I need not, and I cannot bear to recall those details which are associated chiefly with mortal suffering, and with death My darling Hugh, my first-born, had been brought to know the Lord, and his youthful spirit was lifted up by a triumphant faith his last words were praise, and his last end

was peace His sweet little sister, who lay in the next bed to him, seemed to be taught of God, through her brother, and when he joined his hands in prayer, she also joined her little hands, and followed with her voice his simple words Throughout the whole of their illness, my Lucy was a wonder to herself, and to me I never saw the goodness and the grace of God more strikingly manifested, than in the strength by which He sustained her She was every thing that a christian mother could have been, to her two children she was enabled to restrain every look and tone of sadness, in their presence, and to speak to them with smiles, and a voice of exquisite sweetness, of their Heavenly Father's love, and of the glorious rest which awaited them When all was over, then for the first time she seemed to awake up to a sense of her desolation but still her strong faith struggled with her natural feelings "It must be said" she exclaimed, looking upwards "Oh Lord God, give me strength to say it —It is well! and Thou callest for praise and thankfulness from those whom Thou hast led to love Thee, and to trust Thee" After this, she continued to repeat the words, "It is well! It is well!" but

slowly, and almost to herself, as if she were learning the lesson in her heart —once or twice they seemed almost choked in the utterance "Dear, dear husband," she at length said, "answer me a question —Have I not heard you say, that faith is that grace, of all others, by which we may be best enabled to glorify God, because it brings us more out of self, than any other grace, and enables us to hope even against hope? and do you not think that if we strive in His strength, to look upon a sorrow like ours, as a proof of His peculiar love, and a call for our deepest thankfulness, even while we feel the whole current of our natural feelings struggling to bring us down to hard thoughts of God,—do you not think that He will help us, and sustain us, and enable us at last, to pass from the walk of faith, even to the triumph of faith? and yet while I say this," she added, pressing her hands closely to her bosom, "this swelling heart of mine seems bursting with agony —Allan, dear Allan, speak to me why do you look so lost,—so wretched? I must—I do depend on you" I endeavoured to answer, but I fear the conflict within me was but too faithfully pourtrayed on my countenance, for she suddenly

caught my arm, and with a faint scream, cried, "Oh, he is ill, he is also taken with this awful pestilence!" But I was not ill, and I was at once most graciously enabled to rise superior to my own suffering, and to soothe and comfort her One assurance I trust remained from that hour deeply engraved upon our hearts,—one that was suggested to me, by the whispers of a still small voice within "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter"

It was the morning after the funeral We had both followed the bodies of the two last of our children to their grave, and had returned to our now desolate home I had not quitted the side of my beloved wife and oh, how keenly had I felt both for her, and for myself, when the dead stillness of the house continually reminded us that we were bereaved indeed For the last few years, we had seldom known what it was to return to this house, even from a walk, without hearing the sweet sound of our children's voices, or of their joyous laughter, or to see some little smiling face at the windows or to meet Hugh and Minnie at the door but this was to be no more, all had passed away like a bright

vision it was difficult indeed to realize the blank which had replaced it We saw the little cots through the half-opened door of the nursery, and the vacant crib in our own chamber, from whence, at day-break, we had so often heard the merry laugh of our youngest infant

Alas! we had not been the only sufferers we were not the only parents bereaved of their children There were few houses in the parish wholly exempt from this fearful scourge By the average afterwards taken, one out of every four attacked by the malignant disorder died Springhead, we heard with gladness of heart, had entirely escaped The Harcourts had offered to come to us, but we had positively forbidden their doing so

Lucy was sitting opposite me, her face very pale, and her eyes heavy with continued watching and want of sleep she appeared to be deep in thought, when suddenly a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, and yet a smile, or rather a struggle to smile, lighted up her countenance, seeming with its light to break through the cloud of her grief I inquired, with tender anxiety, the cause of her sudden and conflicting emotions She replied at once, but with a trembling

voice,—for the inward struggle was still going on "I had felt so very desolate on returning home and had almost yielded to a murmuring, as well as a disquieted spirit. I was beginning to ask the impious question 'Why has this affliction fallen so heavily upon us?' And then I was frightened at myself—at the rebellious spirit which I felt rising within me, and I implored my heavenly Father to bring some portion of His word to my mind, as He had done before, which might strengthen my faith, and enable me still to walk with Him, still to come out of myself, and to hold on,—still cling to him with a perfect confidence in His goodness this Scripture has been sent as it were to my rescue 'We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience, experience, and experience hope' Oh! I felt it impossible to restrain the rush of tears—tears even of joy and thankfulness, which seem equally to relieve my brain, and my heart!" and rising up as she spoke, she came to me, and laying her head on my bosom, she wept again without restraint; then wiping away her tears, she said, "I am better now—oh, so much better and I feel that I can thank and bless Him still, with all my

heart I can still say, 'It is well,' I am sure it is well! Come Allan," she continued "let us rise up, the day is beautiful, and the air is mild; and its sweet summer breath will restore us both The only thing that makes me miserable now, is to see your poor haggard face Come, let me take your arm, we will walk together in that sheltered alley, where we shall see nothing but the blue sky above our heads, and hear no sounds, but the warbling of the song-birds among the branches," and with something of her former manner, she passed her arm within mine, and together we left the room

We had just reached the door, and I had opened it, when our steps were arrested by the sound of a horse's feet, and in a moment after, emerging from the dark trees which screen the garden from the road, a youth of about fifteen appeared on horseback approaching us The light breeze blew back his streaming hair, and though his face was thin and pale, the glow of exercise had slightly flushed his cheek. There was a youthful grace about his whole person, and an expression in his countenance which perplexed while it fascinated me Whom was he like? was the question that I asked

myself, and answered as quickly as I asked it, whom but the delicate and gentle being that was then leaning on my arm The next moment he was standing before us, the bridle in one hand, his hat, which he had lifted from his head, in the other, and his large soft eyes were raised with an expression of such touching and appealing affection, that we were both deeply moved But then he spoke, and the whole character of his face was changed, as the bright and glancing fire of animation accompanied his words "You wonder who I am," he said "you ask me whence I come!" and there were tones in his voice, and a charming frankness in his manner which would still have perplexed me, had not Lucy shewn that she recognized the boy by throwing her arms round him and clasping him to her bosom "I do not ask you," she said, "I need no words to tell me who you are, it is impossible to be mistaken!"

"I am your nephew," he replied,—"unless," and the same touching expression came into his eyes again, "unless I may call myself your child, and find with you that I am no longer an orphan"

He looked from one to the other, and I saw by

the smile with which he received the gaze of tenderest affection that met his inquiry, that he felt as we felt, that he had become from that moment as our own child to both of us "We came to England but a fortnight ago," he said, "we were on our way to you, but my dear dear mother was taken ill on the road, and she is dead" The tears streamed unheeded and unchecked by him over his face "I have left her grave this morning, her happy spirit is, I know, with Him who called her from me and I have done what she desired I have come at once to you, my father, and yes, yes, I am sure of it now, my father and my mother and you will love me, and you will let me love you, and try to make you as happy as you have already made me" My hand was on his head, and words of blessing were on my lips as I also drew the charming boy to me, and kissed his fine open forehead "He is our son, Lucy," I said, turning to her, "your own son and mine God has given him to us, to replace those He has taken" Lucy's look of happiness, of delight, is still before me, no, in her brightest, happiest days I had never seen an expression of such perfect happiness in her dear face, as when she lifted up

her eyes to heaven with that look of deep, intense thankfulness! Just then an old servant in a foreign livery appeared leading the horse on which he had followed, his young master, who had ridden on before him Taking Lucy's hand in both his hands, the sweet fellow pressed his lips to them and kissed them repeatedly "He is so like him," said Lucy, holding the dear boy's hand, and drawing back as she surveyed him fully, and then again drawing him towards her, and lifting the curling hair from his forehead and tenderly kissing him, "He is so like"—

"So like yourself, my own sweet wife, much more like you than even his dear father O if he needed any recommendation to me, this likeness to you, his —his mother, would be quite sufficient" Ferdinand Harington is fifteen, though he looks older from his height and his extreme slightness, and from the gracefulness of his carriage his face is very youthful, and beams with that modest ingenuousness which one loves to see in a boy of his age He was not in mourning when he came, but a band of black crape was bound round his arm, in the way that a soldier wears it when in mourning

October 15

I am more and more pleased with the child, God has given us He is not, as I had almost feared he might be, a creature of impulse, swayed by the alternations of his own feelings It was not a mere excitement of spirits which prompted his words when he first met us It was rather, though in so young a disciple, the exemplification of that inspired description "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" He has been now some weeks with us, but the same bright and buoyant spirit continues in all its freshness, and yet there is under all a quiet thoughtfulness,—a manly earnestness really surprising in a mere boy He had not been with us many days when I told him that I thought it necessary that he should settle himself down to a regular course of study, and that I would willingly devote a portion of every day to his education I found that he had been well taught, and was advanced beyond his years, and, what was far better, had been so thoroughly grounded, that what he knew, he knew well He entered at once into my plan, and has since set himself steadfastly to work, and, as yet,

I have had but one occasion to complain of anything like inattention but I felt the necessity of not letting it pass unnoticed The humble, thankful spirit with which he received my admonitions has much endeared him to me He shews indeed on all occasions both to his new mother and to myself the affection and obedience of a duteous child It will be long indeed before he ceases to grieve deeply over the death of his own dear mother, as I have discovered on more than one occasion But he soon learnt what heavy and grievous losses we had sustained, and he has always exerted himself to be cheerful when with us He has a thousand delicate and winning ways of diverting our minds from our own sorrows, as if he felt that his one object on earth was to strive, as far as in him lay, to replace the children we have lost To Lucy more especially he shews the devotion of a watchful and loving child, and her face brightens whenever he appears without seeming to do so, he turns away her thoughts from the sad contemplation of the past, and in spite of herself he wiles away her sadness from her

His talent for music, which he inherits, I suppose, from his German stock, is very remarkable, and his

voice has a peculiar sweetness of tone Sometimes, when sitting in my study, I hear him singing some fine old German hymn with his dear mother, and how lovely then two voices sound together! One of the hymns, however, which is best suited to their voices is this Lucy found it among my papers, and they arranged it together

HYMN

How blessed are the sons of light
Though poor on earth, and ill at ease,
The path of faith and not of sight,
Is that of pleasantness and peace

Loud laughter and the idle jest,
May rise amid the ungodly throng,
But calm content and holy rest
To pilgrims of the cross belong

In Thee, sweet Source of heavenly peace,
All fresh and living streams are found,
And the deep well knows no decrease,
From whence those gladdening springs abound.

What though the vain and worldly deem
The ways of God a desert rude,
Green pastures and the tranquil stream
Are found in that sweet solitude

There the good Shepherd loves to lead,
In noontide heat His little flock,
There they repose, and there they feed,
Beneath the shadow of the Rock

Fearless of harm, to that dear spring
The dove descends, her wandering o'er,
Laves in the stream her weary wing,
Nor leaves the quiet shelter more

Thou God of grace, and peace, and love,
Teach me to find that region blest,
Oh! for the pinions of the dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

October 17

The disciple of Christ, that is, the man who is what he professes to be, a true disciple, has received from his Lord the knowledge of a divine alchemy, in the use of which the character of his whole life undergoes a wondrous change The secret of the Lord,—the secret of this divine alchemy is with him the secret of happiness It matters not what the circumstances by which he is surrounded, may be he is not the creature of circumstances To a certain point he must be affected by them, but beyond that point, he is independent of all circumtances He has been enabled to stand out from them —to rise superior to them. The enemy of his soul may be said to be ever at the work of binding him

with his fetters, even as the Philistines, when binding Samson with "the seven green withys, or with the new ropes which had never been occupied" —but by a heaven-born strength, he is enabled to burst and break them, "as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire" Faith is the divine alchemy of which I speak it changes the character of every object it comes in contact with it transmutes all, as it were, into a substance brighter, and more precious than gold I had written down the foregoing remarks the day before the first of my dear children was taken ill I spoke of armour, it then seemed to me, in which I had full confidence, but I now feel like the soldier who has been in the thick of the battle and what report do I make of my armour? Is it armour of proof? It is indeed but I look at it, and I find that it has been sorely tried, many a dint on its hard surface, shows where the battle axe of the foe has fallen with terrible force, or where the spear has been driven fiercely against it,—yet has it proved a secure defence to me

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I believe that our beloved Ferdinand is really a child of grace In what a wonderful manner has

his dear father's fall been overruled for good, both to his wife, and to his child Ferdinand tells me, that he has been accustomed to read the Holy Scriptures with his tutor, the good Pastor Haller, from his earliest childhood, his father made this the chief point in his education, and taught him that everything else was comparatively of little worth "My dear tutor," said Ferdinand, "called the Bible the book of truth, the book of happiness, and the book of the heart, and my father made me promise him that I would never, by God's grace, let a day pass, without searching the Scriptures"—"And have you kept your promise, Ferdinand? have you never suffered a day to pass without doing this?"—"Hitherto, I have done so," he replied "once or twice I had well nigh forgotten my promise, but no, I have not yet broken it, and I trust I never shall When my dear mother was ill, and away from us, and my father so uneasy about her that he set off immediately to join her in this country, before he left me with my uncle, he took me to his own room, and said, 'Ferdinand, we shall perhaps not meet again on earth, though I trust we may, and very shortly, but if it should not be so, remember, when I am gone, your promise, never to let a

day pass by without searching the Holy Scriptures and think of what I now tell you —I date all the sins and follies of my past life, to my neglect and ignorance of God's Word —I thank God, I am not ignorant of them now' And then he knelt down, and made me do the same, and he prayed that God would give me grace to keep my promise —and you know he never came back to me —and when my dearest mother was dying he continued, "she told me to put into her hands the New Testament which lay on the table by her bed side I did so and she put it into my hands and she said 'you must make me the same promise you made to your father' and she told me that my father had read in that very book every day for many years, and that they had often read it together 'You will perhaps grow up', she said, 'to be a rich man, for all the property of your father and mother will be yours but I have nothing to leave you so precious as this book' O it is a sacred promise, is it not'" he added, looking me gravely in the face, with his mild earnest eyes "It is now a kind of double promise I have no choice, and no wish to break it I love to keep it, or I feel in doing so that there is still something I

can yet do, to obey them both "But do you love the book for its own sake, my dear Ferdinand?" I said — "I hope I do," he replied, his eyes filling with tears "I am sure I do I always read it with prayer for the Holy Spirit to be my guide, and my interpreter, as they taught me, and I know it is, as my tutor said, the book of the heart—the book of truth, and the book of happiness"

October 20

We read in the Holy Scriptures* that in the tabernacle and temple services of the people of the Lord, the inspired David appointed certain of the Levites, whose especial office it was to offer up thanksgivings and praises to the Lord God This was an express ordinance of the Lord We are told of Heman and Jeduthun and the rest that were chosen, who were expressed by name to give thanks to the Lord Thus also we learn that on that day, — the day when the ark of the Lord was brought into the city of David, and placed in the tabernacle which David had pitched for it,—that he delivered first a particular Psalm, *to thank the Lord*, into the hand of

* 1 Chron. xvi, 4, 41—7, 8

Asaph and his brethren The first words of this Psalm were "Give thanks unto the Lord" O let me not forget, as a minister of the sanctuary under the more spiritual dispensation of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, to endeavour to fulfil the Levite's office, whose privilege it was to offer thanks and praises to the Lord God Surely the Lord hath called me to be as a Heman or a Jeduthun before Him It becometh me well to be thankful The gift of Samuel was not more precious to Hannah and to Elkanah than has the gift of this son been to my childless wife and to myself It becometh us to offer praise and thanks, and to be thankful Thou, O Lord, hast never forgotten to be gracious! O may we never forget to be grateful!

October 28

I have been for some time quietly observing the character of our charming boy, in order that I may find out for what profession he is best suited, but I am quite at a loss There is at times the bright intrepid fearlessness about him which we look for in a soldier, the boy is afraid of nothing, and yet he is gentle and modest as a girl this, however, is always

the case in a truly brave person Then, again, he is grave, thoughtful, and studious, with sense and judgment beyond his years, and I sometimes think I have seldom seen one so admirably fitted, so far as man can judge, for the sacred profession of the Gospel

I had written thus far when Ferdinand entered the room and it suddenly occurred to me that I would ask him if his mind had ever been turned to the consideration of any particular profession I did so, and he answered "By this time, my father, my profession may be already decided It was only the night before we left Hanover that the Count, my father's uncle, told mamma in my presence that he believed her desire would be gratified—so it was doubtless at her request that the application had been made, and that he expected he should be able to send a commission in the army after us in a few weeks But he charged her to keep the matter to herself, and on no account to mention it to any one till his letter came This letter has not yet come, and I have been on the point of speaking to you several times, and have had to check my inclination, for you know I can have no reserves with you In fact, I have not known whether I ought or ought not to regard my mother's promise as bind-

ing on myself Your direct question, however, has decided me to speak, for I should feel, when the letter arrives, as if I had been disingenuous, had I been silent now"

"And you love the profession of a soldier then, Ferdinand?"

The flitting colour deepened in his cheek, and his eyes sparkled "Indeed I do," he answered "It was at my wish that my mother spoke to Count Von Adelberg I always wished to be a soldier, and never had a misgiving on the subject till I came to Springhurst But since I have been with you," he added, in a voice of tender affection, "I have sometimes thought—only sometimes—that I should like of all things to be such a clergyman as you are, and to lead the life you lead, seeking the best happiness of all around you, and blessing and being blessed of all"

November 2

The expected letter has arrived, and Ferdinand has received his commission as a cornet in the —— regiment of dragoons The boy's delight was extreme, and poor Lucy tried to smile when he put the commission in her hands He spoke to her, but, as she told me

afterwards, she could not trust her voice to answer him Indeed her eyes swam with tears, and before she was aware of it, one large tear fell upon the parchment in her trembling hands The dear boy's countenance fell, and he stood without speaking, as if grieved that his happiness should have caused grief to one whom he loved so tenderly But Lucy recovered herself immediately, a glance at his downcast face, told her what was passing in his mind, and brushing away her tears, she spoke to him cheerfully, and they were soon in earnest conversation on the subject, she, entering into every little detail which she thought would interest him, and adding at last, that she only hoped they would give her a little time to make up her mind to parting with him "I am very selfish, dear Ferdinand," she said, "in thinking so much of myself, but you know, that next to your father, you are dearer to me than any one on earth I have no foolish fears as to your danger, for I know you will be as safe under God's good providence, amid the fire and smoke of a battle field, as under this quiet roof All that I feel and fear, is parting with you, my dear, dear child" and she drew him towards her, and kissed his glowing

cheek, as she pressed him with all a mother's tenderness, to her bosom Another letter had been brought with that which had hitherto occupied our attention so exclusively and as my eye now fell upon it, I recognized the hand-writing of our beloved Lady Vernon She has been absent with Miss Harcourt, at Buxton, having left Springhurst, by the urgent desire of her physician, the day before Ferdinand arrived. She had suffered much, on the death of our dear children, and Dr Burton saw that a change was absolutely necessary for her, and had recommended her to try the bracing air, and the waters of the Buxton springs

We had partly promised to follow her, but Lucy had been from the first unwilling to leave home The coming of our Ferdinand acted like a charm upon her health and spirits, and seeing this, her own home seemed to me the best and happiest place for her Lady Vernon had found so much benefit from the air and waters of Buxton, that she had prolonged her stay, but the letter which we now opened, announced her return to the Manor-house On looking a second time at her letter, I saw that she was to arrive that very morning she was perhaps at that very time

already arrived She had expressed a hope to see or hear something of us in the course of the day Why should we not set off for the Manor-house immediately, I asked, and be perhaps waiting to welcome her there? We did so, and we were there an hour before her arrival, standing on the steps of the old mansion, when her coach drove up the avenue It was a joyful meeting, nay, it was the joy of the morning to us, after the heaviness of the night and it was a lovely sight to witness the meeting of the aged saint, with the son of her beloved nephew Could we have thought it possible, I said to myself, as we all knelt down together that evening, to offer our united praises and thanksgivings to the God of all praise—could we have thought it possible, when we look back to the grief which had gathered and settled over us, like a thick cloud, but a few months ago, that we should ever be so happy as we now are? Ah, the sun of our life was as gloriously bright behind that dismal cloud, as He now is, though we saw Him not

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December 2

There seem some doubts as to Ferdinand's succeed-

ing to the property which he was to inherit from his mother It appears that the De Lyle family have shown a disposition to dispute his claims on what grounds, we cannot at present discover but we hear, through my elder brother, who always knows what is passing in the world, that old Sir Germain and his family are bitterly indignant on having learnt that their young kinsman is a protestant, and has been placed by his mother under my guardianship Ferdinand cares little about the matter, and has not expressed a wish on the subject His father's fortune, which is but moderate, will content him The old family seat has only been occupied as a farm house of late years The father of Charles and Lucy never resided there and though my brother-in-law talked of restoring it, he did not live to do so Lucy speaks sometimes of some family pictures which she supposes are still there, but she has never seen them

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January 15, 1761

We have just returned from Temple Pleasance, where our whole family have been passing the Christmas Our venerable friend, Lady Vernon, notwithstanding her advanced age, made one of the party, at

my father's special request. She has declared however that this must be the last time of her leaving her own home She is now near ninety, and though her health has greatly improved since she came to Springhurst, the time of her sojourn here, as she often reminds us, must be drawing towards its close Her visit to Buxton has wondrously restored her from the shock she sustained in our late trials She has indeed felt deeply, for she seems to identify all our interests with her own

This family meeting has been a most happy one, for since the time when the small-pox made its appearance in our village, we have been seldom at Temple Pleasance The birth of dear Cuthbert's first-born child was expected about that time, and Lucy and I were anxious to put a stop to all intercourse between ourselves and our family while the frightful pestilence remained at Springhurst It had ceased in our own house, after the deaths of our children, but it still lingered in various parts of the parish, every now and then appearing in some fresh quarter, though assuming a milder form—the disease thus appearing to wear itself out We had no fears for Ferdinand, who informed us, that when a child in

Germany he had had the disease Yes, our visit was a happy one but Lucy and I had our trials, though we endeavoured to keep our feelings to ourselves My dear wife was however unable to restrain her emotions at the first sight of my brother's blooming boy The child had not been brought down till she asked to see him, and in spite of her determined effort to bear up, and the real delight which she felt in taking the little fellow into her arms, she sat for some time quietly weeping, till she found strength to caress the lovely child After that time, she was constantly with Gertrude and her baby, and seldom seemed so happy as when she could gaze upon its tiny features, or sit beside his mother as she nursed him "I do not suffer now so keenly," she said to me on one occasion "I feel more enabled to act upon the only principle that can support us, an unquestioning faith and thus when I feel sorely tempted to repine, I am graciously enabled, by faith, to see my own darling children radiant with angelic beauty, and rejoicing in eternal happiness and then I ask myself, such being their present state, whether, if I really love them, I can wish them back again in this cold world and then again, another thought gives

me unspeakable consolation I look at our charming Ferdinand, who is now our own child, and I see in him, how the Father of mercies has replaced those whom He has taken from us

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February 3

Ferdinand has left us to join his regiment. The order came a few days ago We were staying at the Manor-house at the time, and when the letter arrived, we were conversing together about a volume which Lady Vernon had given to Ferdinand, and which we had been reading with much interest. It was the life of Colonel Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Preston Pans, written by the excellent Dr Doddridge, of Northampton His widow, Lady Frances Gardiner, had sent it, some years ago, to her friend Lady Vernon, who was anxious for Ferdinand to read it We feel comforted to think that his attention should have been turned, before his departure, to the consideration of so bright a pattern of a Christian soldier After Ferdinand had read the letter which summoned him to his regiment, he turned to Lady Vernon, and said, "I have a bold request to make Will your Ladyship allow me to take the book with me?

I should not easily forget it, but I should like to have it at hand that I might often turn to it. It has taught me a lesson which you wish me to learn, my darling mother," he added, addressing himself to Lucy, whose eyes were fixed upon him "I will try, indeed I will try, with God's help, to prove to you that I know it is quite possible to be a brave soldier and yet a child of God "—"I only waited to offer the book to you, till I saw how you valued it, my dear child," said our aged friend, "and I did you the justice in my own heart, Ferdinand, to believe that you would wish to have such an example of godliness in a gallant soldier always before you Colonel Gardiner was a brave and honourable officer when much younger than you now are, but many years passed away before he took up the arms of a warfare which is not of this world, under the great Captain of our salvation You see him, my Ferdinand, first as a man of the world, and then as a man of God 'He seems, in what you here read,' says Dr Doddridge, in his dedication to the son of this Christian warrior, 'to be calling out to you from amidst the cloud of witnesses by which you are surrounded, and urging you by every generous and tender sentiment to mark

the footsteps of his *Christian race*, and strenuously to maintain that *combat* where the victory is, through divine grace, certain, and the prize an eternal kingdom in the heavens '"

The parting has been a sad trial to us all at any time we should have felt it keenly, for the charming boy has wound himself round our hearts, but as yet we are as those whose wounds are so recent, that they would easily be made to bleed afresh I fear that I have borne up worse than any of the party, though I have kept my feelings as close as I could Lucy has surprised me by her determined effort not to yield to her grief, and has made a successful struggle She proposed our setting off to pay many pastoral visits at the further end of the parish immediately after the departure of our son We returned home at a later hour than usual, having found that our interest in the trials of others, had greatly helped to make us forget our own We have been with many whose aching hearts we sought to comfort, and who depend on our frequent visits for support or counsel Oh ! I have often found that the best method I can take of throwing off the weight of my own desponding spirit, is thus to go forth

among the sick and the sorrowful of my own flock, and opening my Bible, to find there what our heavenly Father has spoken to them and to myself, and then kneeling down, and in their name and my own, to speak in prayer to Him, and spread before His kind and pitying eye the troubles that oppress us

On coming from my study that evening to join Lucy in the drawing room, I found her, not cheerful —for that was out of the question—but bright, with a charming animation of look and manner, as if re solved not to let one shadow of gloom settle upon either of us "I have been thinking, dear husband," she said, "that I should be a graceless creature in deed to yield to anything like a murmuring spirit, or to be otherwise than very, very happy, while you, who are everything in the world to me, are still by my side After the loss of our children, I ought to have kept this ever in mind, but fatigue and suffering had so tried my bodily frame that much of my self-recollection was gone, or at least obscured In thinking of those that were gone, I was as one forgetting him that was left, but I thank God it is not so now No, no, dearest Allan, the sense I have of your preciousness to me, and of my great—yes, very

great—happiness as your wife, is not in the least obscured." How delightful were such words from one so inexpressibly dear to me! People may say what they will about love before marriage, but they know little about the matter, little indeed of true love, who can presume to compare it with the tried and tender affection of those who have been united, as Lucy and I have now been, in weal and in woe for many years I cannot help observing to myself also the developement of various lovely graces in her mind and character —graces only known to be less evident before, by seeing them, as I do now, in their more perfected growth "Our blessed Lord is teaching us a great lesson," she said, "we can never be really happy till our will is conformed to His holy will, and the more meekly we sit at His feet, looking up to Him with a single eye, and, quieting every faintest murmur, we listen for His still small voice the better we shall learn of Him We ask Him to teach us how to pray He tells us to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven, Thy will be done' We ask Him to teach us to know His Holy will He tells us that, 'this is the will of God, even our sanctification, that we may indeed be holy as He is holy, in order that we may be happy

as He is happy' Dear Allan, I should never murmur, I should be always thankful, if I did but always trust in Him He has never failed me, never once deceived me I know that I can trust Him with my happiness, my soul, my life, and yet I cannot always trust Him with my will I cannot trust in fact, to the will of one, who is not only the perfection of wisdom, but who is infinite love"

"How well, my Lucy," I said, "have you described me, in thus describing yourself We need more of His spirit, and let us seek it more constantly, of Him, of whom it is written that 'He pleased not Himself,' and who said, when He came down to earth, 'I come not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me'"

We have felt deeply the affectionate sympathy shewn towards us by my beloved flock in our late heavy affliction Those even, who have suffered most themselves, have had a large portion of love and sorrow to spare for us They have seemed, throughout, almost to forget their own trials when we have been with them, so deeply and so tenderly have they felt for us And to-day, what joyful greetings did we meet with under many a humble

roof, because they saw that we looked happier, and in better health, than we have for the last few months Dear Ferdinand seems to have won the admiration and the hearts of all who know him some of them told us, that they did not wonder at our loving him, and looking on him as our son, for that, sure enough, he was so like Madam Temple, that he might have been her own child

"I have wept for you," said the poor old widow, whose humble abode was the first I visited on coming to Springhurst,—"I have wept for you, my dear pastor, and my sweet lady, for you have been sorely tried, and yet it has seemed to me, at times, as if I had heard a voice from heaven, telling me rather to rejoice for you than to weep for, if the Lord's chastening is the proof of His love to the child in whom He delighteth, surely the heavier the chastening, the greater the love Dear lady, since I have seen the new blessing that God has given you, in that noble young gentleman, so like you in his looks and in his ways, I have thought to myself, how true it is, that, though the Lord often gives to take away, He as often takes away to give again You might have said, not long ago, 'Call me not Naomi, call

me Mara, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me', but now, when I look upon you, I feel bold to say to you, as the women of Israel said unto Naomi,—'Blessed be the Lord, which hath not left thee this day without a kinsman, that his name may be famous in Israel, and he shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age'"

Such words as these went to the very heart of my Lucy, and brought tears to her eyes, while they brought words of praise and thanksgiving to her lips One of the sweetest seasons which we have lately enjoyed, was that which we passed to-day in the company of that lowly saint, so deeply experienced herself in the knowledge of the divine life, and in the exercises of faith

Before we parted, I asked her to tell me what portion of God's sacred Word I should read with her How beautiful was the choice she made! how suited to her own state on earth, and the spirit of her own mind! "Let it be this," she meekly replied, and she pointed to the words she had been reading when we entered The place of the Scripture was this, the thirteenth chapter of the epistle

to the Hebrews, at the fourteenth and fifteenth verses "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks"

June 18

I am much struck with the spirit of my sweet wife's piety He whom she sought in her affliction has been true to His own great word,—that word in which He caused her to trust —when was He ever otherwise? She seems to me like a lovely rose-tree which I noticed in our garden yesterday It was then standing erect, crowned with a bright profusion of its beautiful blossoms, as a queen among the flowers around it, but the storm of last night has poured forth its fury upon the fragile and delicate plant. The glow and the beauty of yesterday are gone, but is it less lovely, bending and almost drooping to the ground, the heavy rain drops hanging like tears on its leaves and flowers, with the returning sun beams sparkling in every tear-drop? Blessed be the Lord God, for He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He encreaseth strength

Lucy's bright and joyous spirit has not come back, but though less joyful, she is more thankful She seems to realize the apostle's expressive words, "rejoicing in hope", her eyes—if I may so describe her spiritual condition—are more often turned away from earth, and fixed with intent and longing gaze on the opening glories of a brighter state, and yet she is more diligent than ever in attending to the commonest duties of her worldly calling

Rutherford has well said,—"You must learn to make evils your great good, and to spin comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles, which are Christ's wooers, sent to speak for you to Himself Thanks to God for crosses" I humbly say amen! to these words

The following is a passage from another of Rutherford's letters, which I copied out for Lucy, omitting some words not suited to her How beautiful it is! "The Lord may gather his roses at what season of the year He pleaseth You are taught to know and adore His sovereignty which He exerciseth over you, which is yet lustred with mercy The children have but changed a bed in the garden, and are planted up higher, nearer the sun, where they shall thrive

better than in their out-field moor-ground Dearest wife, let us go on and faint not, something of ours is in heaven besides the flesh of our exalted Saviour, and we go on after our own Time's thread is shorter, by some inches, than it was, and our Captain, who leadeth us on, is more than a conqueror, and makes us partakers of His conquests and victory"

January, 1762

War is declared with Spain, as we have heard by a letter from my eldest brother this morning The Government is sending out troops to Portugal, where their presence is needed, our old ally refusing to take arms against us Our dear boy's regiment is ordered out on this service, and they were to sail in a week from the day when Cuthbert wrote Ferdinand is with my brother and Gertrude, in Soho-square, and is to remain a day or two with them It would have been a comfort to us had we been able to see him once more before his departure, but, perhaps all is best as it is The parting would have been a sad trial to him, as well as to ourselves It is impossible to help feeling anxious and uneasy on

thinking of the peril to which our noble boy is necessarily exposed But we know that the times are in God's hand, and that it is as easy for Him to preserve his life in the hottest fire of the battle-field, as it is easy for Him to take his life in the more apparent security of peace I trust we may not dishonour our faith, and our profession, by any mistrust of His goodness, whatever may be the event of this war to the son whom He has given us

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February 20

I never remember to have seen so early and so lovely a spring The hedge-row banks are already fragrant with violets, and the soft, refreshing air tells us that winter is departed, the glad, liquid notes of the lark are ringing in my ears while I write, for the windows of my study are open, life is awaking on every side after the death-sleep of winter but alas! it is too evident that, in a few days at furthest, death will have set its seal upon one who is very dear to our hearts The flowers of spring may blossom on her grave, but she will never see them again on this earth. Our dear Lady Vernon is reaching the end of her long pilgrimage below A change, which is

not to be mistaken, has come rapidly over her, and, as she tells us with smiles of heavenly peace upon her venerable countenance, she is longing to put off the body of this death, and to enter into rest. Lucy and I were with her the greater part of this day, and we could only say, on leaving her, that she is truly one whose conversation is in heaven She spoke frequently of the shortness of her time among us, and Lucy was at last unable to restrain her tears "My dear child," she said, "why would you wish to detain me here? Why would you keep me from Him in whose presence is my joy? I have but one pang to undergo, and that is, the parting with those I love on earth Shall I confess to you," she said to me, opening her eyes after a long pause of silence, and raising her head, for she had been lying back in her large arm-chair, supported by cushions—"shall I confess that I have been almost overwhelmed by a dread of the mysterious suffering of this separation of body and soul which is now approaching What had I to do, in such a case, but to pray? And I have prayed, and I now see that those fears were but morbid imaginations, infused by the great adversary into my mind He had taken advantage of my

great weakness of body to disturb my peace, but I can now thank God for having graciously delivered me from all my fears." Again she paused. The effort of speaking but a few words had exhausted her for a time. When her weak strength (for weak it was) returned, she said, with a peaceful smile, "There is nothing terrible in death but the sting, but He hath taken away the sting, receiving it in our stead." She took leave of Lucy, who will not, I fear, be able to see her again. "The Lord be with you, my own sweet child," she said, "you have been more than a daughter to me, and I bless and thank God for all the happiness He has given me in you and your dear husband, and for bringing me to this place in my old age. I have never known such happiness in the whole of my long earthly course, as since I have come to Springhurst."

She said no more, and, after a few words of prayer, we departed, leaving her with her dear Miss Harcourt, and her faithful Jenny Cox.

This morning I received a summons before day-break from Miss Harcourt. She sent me word, that our beloved friend had apparently but a few hours to

live, and that she had asked for me I went, and found her at first unable to speak, though she knew me, and greeted me with her usual smile—returning the pressure of my hand, as I clasped hers I said but little, for I felt that that was not a time for speaking, but I opened the word of God and read from time to time some few verses in various parts of the volume, which seemed to me best suited to her state and then we knelt round her bed, and commended her parting spirit to the Lord When our prayer was concluded, she looked at me, as I continued kneeling by her side, and said in a faint voice "Shall we not offer praise as well as prayer" —let my last act be thanks and praise" I asked if she meant that we would sing? She smiled, and pressed my hand, and we sang together her favourite hymn,—a hymn of praise When I pronounced the parting blessing "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee the Lord bless thee, and keep thee the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore" she faintly responded, "Amen!" and then I heard the word "bless," breath-

ing like a murmur from her lips, "Lucy—Ferdinand —all" My hand was still clasped in hers, my finger on her wrist, and once I thought that all was over, for the pulse had stopped, but she was gathering all her failing strength, and looking up, as if her eyes were suddenly opened on some bright reality unseen by us—slowly and distinctly she repeated those glorious words "Thanks—thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"—And now the pulse had indeed stopped, for the spirit had passed away, even in the very act of thanksgiving

I had quitted the chamber of death, and was about to leave the house, on my return to the rectory, when a note was put into my hand, it was from my sister Ellen, whom I had left with Lucy, and who had been staying some days with us it contained the joyful news of Lucy's safety, and of the birth of a little girl, during my absence I had left her with some anxiety, not knowing how soon her hour of trial might come upon her But our dear Ellen was near at hand, occupying the next chamber to our own, and I opened her door, and awoke her when I was called away, fearing that Lucy might be agitated, as it seems she was.

My feelings, as I walked along the lane, leading from the Manor-house to my own home, were like the web of human life,—a mingled texture of joy and sorrow and as I crossed the broad corn-field by the footpath, leaving the winding lane and took the shortest way to the rectory, and looked upon the springing blades of the young green wheat just rising above the surface of the earth, I thought also of that field as I had seen it in the last harvest season, when the reapers were gathering the ripened corn into sheaves and I thought of the aged saint, whose departure from this world I might liken to the shock of ripe corn which is ready for the garner and I saw, in the fresh blades of the young green wheat, a no less striking type of that new-born infant, who had just entered upon the chequered scenes of this troubled life If I felt called to mourn over the loss of her who was gone, still it was impossible not to rejoice by faith that her warfare was accomplished, and she had entered into her glorious rest and if my heart throbbed with delight, when I thought of her, who was come to gladden her mother's heart and mine ah, it was not possible to repress some anxious fears, as to the future, for that delicate, and

helpless child But while I was thus musing as I hastened onward, up rose a lark with its wild and thrilling song, making the whole welkin ring with the joyous melody Had not my faith, I thought, as strong a wing to bear my spirit upwards?—Had not my faith a hymn of praise and thanks, even more joyful, to offer to the great Giver of all good, from a heart overflowing with adoring gratitude

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March 30

I cannot describe my joy to day, on seeing my Lucy in fresh and blooming health, sitting, as in former times, with her infant in her arms and yet all my joy, and her's is at present, dimmed and subdued by the thought which so often rises up to remind us of the loss we have sustained But when we think on that rising thought, we feel that grief, though natural—oh how very natural! is out of place, when associated with her The long and weary journey at an end the earthly house of this tabernacle exchanged for the presence of the Lord Such are the thoughts with which that blessed spirit should be connected in our minds I have just returned from the church, having seen the tablet to her memory

put up Our good Miss Harcourt comes to us to day from her brother's She has promised to remain with us till her cottage is ready for her, for on the death of her friend, she decided to make Springhurst her home My father, with whom she was always a chief favourite, has insisted on giving her this cottage for her life, having often heard her admire its beautiful site Lady Vernon has left the bulk of her property between Lucy and Ferdinand, and to the latter she has bequeathed also the fine old portrait of Lord Harington, by Zucchero, and Sir Amyas and Lady Harington, by Vandyck Miss Harcourt has a legacy of a thousand pounds Jenny Cox is to take up her residence for the future, at her own particular request, with us, though she has a handsome annuity The Manor-house, I fear, must stand empty There was some talk of Cuthbert and Gertrude coming there, but my father will not hear of their leaving him Temple Pleasance, he says, is large enough for them all and as they appear likely to have an increasing family, he has fitted up the left wing of the house with great elegance and comfort, for their especial use I think, if he had his will, dear kind old man, and could find it in his conscience right to do so, he

would settle Lucy and myself also with him, for, in true patriarchal style, he loves to be surrounded by his children, and his grand-children. We are all to go to Temple Pleasance to-morrow, for a fortnight

CHAPTER THE SIXTH

May 2

WE are beginning to be anxious about our dear Ferdinand We have no letters from him, nor news of any kind about him But it is a foolish thing to do, to pay interest before hand for troubles that may never come A more watchful eye than ours is fixed upon him, and he is shielded by the protection of the Most High

I sometimes feel, as I ought always to feel, that I could bear to hear anything of him, but that he had fallen away from God, and was living in sin Ah should he be taken from us,—I write this with a trembling hand, but I wish to record it here with my own hand,—I am sure he will be taken from evil to come I am sure that hereafter we shall see the wis-

dom and the mercy of so trying a dispensation, and bless the chastening hand of our loving and most gracious Father

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July 7

Our hearts are full of joy Our beloved boy is returned—is with us now He has been brought back, in God's good providence, in health and safety At this moment while I write, I hear his voice as the door of the drawing-room opens, I suppose to admit nurse and baby, for a little crowing laugh reached my ear from the hall just now, and told me that she was coming in from her walk

On looking back to the foregoing page, I see that I have not written in this diary since that day, when, in deep anxiety of spirit, against which I endeavoured to struggle by faith and prayer, I anticipated a very different termination of our boy s campaign

The servants had shut up the house for the night, and we had all retired to our chambers Lucy was fatigued and was already asleep I had been reading in my dressing-room later than usual, and had just put out my light, when I went according to my usual custom to the window to look out at the night the rain

was pouring hard, but having thrown up the sash, I stood there breathing the refreshing air, as it came in laden with the perfume of flowers I was just turning away, when I heard a carriage stop at the gate, and in another minute it drove up to the door I heard the carriage door thrown open, and some one spring out It is impossible to describe the joy with which I clearly distinguished in the deep stillness the pleasant voice of our dearest Ferdinand "Shall I ring, or shall I not?" he said, addressing himself to some one in the carriage "I fear we are too late, and they are all asleep I hardly like to disturb them, and yet I am quite sure they will love to be so disturbed" Another voice replied, but I stayed not to listen, quickly and softly passing to our chamber, I lit my candle from the night-lamp, and in a few moments after the door was opened, and Ferdinand, his hair and face streaming with the pouring rain, was locked in my arms No, had he been my own *child*, I could not have loved him better—I could not have rejoiced more than I did at that delightful meeting His uncle, the Count Von Adelberg, was with him, and his faithful servant Franz, who had gone with his young master to the war I ushered the

good Count into the drawing-room, and lighting the candles, which stood as when we had quitted the room, I left Ferdinand with him, and went to call the servants I found Jenny Cox, who has been well used to wakeful nights, coming down the stairs, and sent her to rouse the household, while I went at once to Lucy She awoke on my entering the room "You are late, my dear husband," she said, "but I am glad your coming has awoke me I have had an unpleasant dream, and I thought I saw our darling Ferdinand, pale and wounded, carried from the field of battle He was in the enemy's hands, and I followed after the men who took him, and entreated them to stop, but the wind blew strongly, and I thought they could not or they would not hear me But Ferdinand had seen me, and as they bore him away, I heard his voice calling to me to come to him Yes, dear Allan, I never heard anything more distinctly than I heard his voice"

"But dreams, dear Lucy," I said, smiling and putting my arm round her—for she was sitting up in bed—"dreams—at least old wives say so—go by contraries Ferdinand is safe and well I have heard that within the last hour and perhaps—yes

—you may well look astonished—perhaps, you *did* hear his voice, and not in a dream" She passed her hand over her brow, and then turning to me with a look of half bewildered delight, "Am I still dreaming? or am I awake?" she said "What is it you tell me? Did I hear aright? Is Ferdinand here? Have I really heard the sweet fellow's voice? Dear husband, tell me at once, and do not torture me by suspense O he *is* here, he *is* here! I *did* hear his voice Yes, I see by your looks that I am right Thank God! thank God!" and she clasped her hands, looking up, and thanking God with her whole heart As quietly and as briefly as I could, I told her all "You must go down to them," she said, "and I will soon be dressed, and join you" But this I would not hear of "Well then, I promise to do just what you wish I am so happy, and so calm, that I shall be quietly here, blessing and praising God How kind, how very kind of you, to think of me, and to come up to tell me but before you go, dear Allan," she added, more gravely, "kneel down beside me, if only for one minute, and offer up, if but a few short words of thanks and praise Let us first think of Him, and bless Him, together, who

has been unspeakably gracious to us —Allan," she said, as I was leaving the room, "I must see Ferdinand to night If I may not get up, and go to him, you must bring him up to me" He came up immediately, striving to tread lightly with his spurred and clanking boots upon the stairs, and entering her room on tiptoe, he knelt down beside her bed, and kissed repeatedly the hand she joyfully extended to him at his entrance She threw her arms round his neck, and embraced him tenderly, and ah! with what looks of deep affection did she gaze upon him "No," she said at length, "he is not altered The world has not yet begun its despoiling work upon him I have so much to ask you, my Ferdinand, but it must be at another time You must not be both absent from my dear uncle go to him, and give him my love and warmest greeting and say, I am not equal to another interview to-night to morrow I hope to tell him myself with what delight we welcome him to Springhurst." Ferdinand rose to go, but just as he approached the door, she stopped him "Another minute," she said, "come back for another minute, that I may look at you Dear Allan, how he is grown, and how bright and well he looks, and

that is the uniform of your regiment you have indeed quite a martial air Why, my Ferdinand, will you ever condescend to nurse the little creature whom you have overlooked?" Saying this, she drew aside the curtain, close to which Ferdinand had been kneeling He sprung forward at her words, and gazed with astonished delight upon the lovely infant, who lay smiling in her rosy sleep and whose little crib was sheltered beneath the folds of the curtain "You must be very gentle," she said, as he stooped down to kiss the child, "or you will wake her, and then her first impressions may be anything but pleasing, on finding a terrible soldier by her bedside" But as she said this, she passed her hand caressingly over the bending head of him whom she loved with as much affection as her own infant "But all this time," said I, "our worthy uncle is waiting supper, and we shall have him coming to seek us, if we remain much longer"—"This is indeed happiness," said Ferdinand, "I never was so happy before You are glad to see me You love me, but no, with all your love to me, you cannot feel to me, as I do towards you, my own dear father and mother" How charming were such words from that child of our

love, to Lucy and to me I felt my heart overflow with thankfulness to God, and with affection to our noble boy and as I looked upon him, and marked the change which had passed over him since he left us—his fine countenance so full of fire and sweetness—his tall erect figure—his manly, graceful bearing, and saw still the same ingenuous expression, the same affection, I felt that he was dearer to me than ever, and I said to myself, Lucy is right, he has passed through this first ordeal, unscathed and unspoiled

When I returned to my chamber, Lucy was asleep, and when I arose in the morning she was still sleeping quietly I did not disturb her, feeling that her delicate frame was doubtless recruiting itself after the excitement and agitation of the past night

We were sitting at breakfast when the door opened, and Lucy entered with her infant in her arms, her sweet face lighted with smiles, and bright with all the bloom and freshness of health "Welcome, again and again welcome to Springhurst," she said, as she met the embrace of the Count "It was indeed a delightful surprise, my dear uncle, to learn

that you were come to us How long, how very long it is since we last met!"

"Yes, my child," he replied, "it is a long time, in this short life, for those who love one another to be separated The last time I saw you was in the circle of the court of my charming countrywoman, Queen Caroline, and I well remember your childlike delight on that evening, because the Queen had given you a diamond bracelet with a miniature of herself on the clasp You seemed in your element then, amid the gaiety and splendour of St James's"

"And now the young maid of honour, dear uncle, has merged into the sober matron and a country parson's wife, in fact, into a respectable middle-aged woman"

"No, no," said Ferdinand, "we cannot allow that, can we, uncle?"

"Has Ferdinand been at court, during his absence," said Lucy to the Count, "that he has learnt to flatter? Here, my darling boy," she added, "take my little Gertrude, and find a better occupation in nursing her, while I sit down and finish my breakfast as quickly as I can" Ferdinand held out his arms to take his little sister, and she looked at his

happy face for a moment, smiled at him, stretched out her little arms to him, and went to him with a laugh of delight. Nurse came in to put on the baby's cloak and bonnet, and to take her into the garden, but again she stretched out her arms to Ferdinand, and he kissed her and took her again into his arms and carried her off, with nurse smiling and following to the garden As he was going, the Count followed him with his eyes, and said, "He may love to play with children, but, young as he is, he has proved that he can act with men He is a noble youth, and has won the love and respect of almost all his brother officers, he is in fact the favourite of the whole regiment He shewed so much courage and gallantry in the action which took place at ——— that he received the thanks of his commanding officer, and was promoted on the spot. Perhaps you did not observe that he wears a lieutenant's uniform, and I warrant me he has said nothing on the subject, but, poor boy, he has had his trials—not in battle, but afterwards We met at Paris I went thither in my official duties when the general peace was proclaimed there, and wrote to him to ask for leave of absence and join me there Two or three of

his brother officers came also to Paris One of these young men (a vain, insolent fellow, it seems, and as much disliked in the regiment as Ferdinand is loved) was extremely jealous of him, from pique and annoyance at his popularity. He sought an occasion of quarrelling with him, but Ferdinand's sweet temper and kindness of heart for awhile baffled him He managed, however, to construe some unintentional neglect on Ferdinand's part into an insult, and challenged him to fight, to the astonishment of every one he wrote in reply a calm but decided refusal to accept the challenge, saying at the same time as decidedly, that he denied having insulted him, but that if he had unintentionally offended him, or, in any way hurt his feelings, he begged to express his sincere concern for having done so Poor Ferdinand's refusal to fight was immediately published everywhere by his relentless adversary, who seemed determined to provoke him, or to ruin his character

"He succeeded in giving the whole affair a most unpleasant publicity, and you may easily suppose what the opinion of the world would be on the subject. Ferdinand was reasoned with by the young admonished by the old, his principles of honour

appealed to, nay, some of his associates passed him without speaking, and would not even notice him At last I thought it my duty to speak to him very seriously on the subject In ordinary cases, as I told him, I disapproved of duelling as much as he did, but I could not help thinking that his was a peculiar one, and considering his profession as a soldier, and the notoriety which the whole affair had acquired, I saw nothing for him but to fight

"He said little in reply, and what he did say, he said gravely and respectfully, indeed he had become very grave and thoughtful, and I saw that his wonted cheerfulness was almost gone, but his resolute spirit was not to be shaken 'It is hard to bear,' he said, 'but it must be borne it is a trial for which I was not unprepared I had made up my mind on the subject, before I joined my regiment I had counted the cost, and endeavoured to fix my principles, and nothing has, as yet, occurred which has led me to think I ought to change them I will fight nowhere but in the field'"

"Noble fellow," said Lucy, the tears filling her eyes, "but all that you tell me, only confirms the very high opinion I had formed of him I have always

observed the strength of principle, and the stedfast purpose to do right, under all his charming gaiety, and even playfulness, and I am now more and more convinced that there must be a foundation of such godly principles, to produce true cheerfulness—that of the heart Dear uncle, I heartily approve of Ferdinand's conduct on that trying occasion, and I thank God from my heart, that he has been enabled to overcome his great difficulty, the chief difficulty to him, and to every one—the acting up to his principles—when the time of trial came I know well, from what he has told me, that he has been taught by his admirable tutor, the Pastor Haller, as he calls him, to keep before his eyes a very different standard from that of the ungodly world, and he has simply and stedfastly adhered this standard "

"But what," I inquired, "was the issue of this affair?"

"Not exactly that which I had expected," replied the count "I feared that Ferdinand would never recover the position which he had lost but it so happened, that a copy of the dispatches sent to England by the commanding officer in the late affair in Portugal, was obtained from England, by a lady of

high christian character and distinguished rank, who was then in France She was one of the very few who could and did appreciate Ferdinand's conduct This admirable woman took pains to circulate the account reported in those dispatches of our dear boy's extraordinary bravery And thus it was that his principles began to be understood and though some few continued to smile at what they deemed his absurd singularity, every one was convinced of his courage He has been enabled to stand his ground, and to prove to us all that his ground is a rock"

We were still conversing on this subject, when Ferdinand again made his appearance, with little Gertrude fast asleep in his arms "Nurse has ordered me in," he said smiling, "and as I am accustomed to obey orders, I have brought my lovely little charge to the arms of her from whom I received it And I have also remembered," he added, turning to the count, "a promise of yours, my dear uncle, that you would go with my father and myself to see the dear old Manor-house Has my uncle told you the good news," he said to Lucy, "that he has some thoughts of coming to live among us? He has quite retired from public life, and as

he fears that he cannot persuade you or me to go and live with him in Germany, and, loving no others, he kindly says, so well on earth, if he can find a house, he will end his days among us Now, won't the Manor-house suit him exactly?"—"I should say yes, my dear Ferdinand," replied Lucy, "but as my uncle has to judge for himself, and is here to do so, I suppose we must allow him to decide as he pleases However, I am delighted even at the prospect of such an event, and I am determined to be one of your party If you will only stop till I have laid this little treasure in her crib, and left nurse, who I see is waiting in the hall, to attend to her own duties, I will be ready to go with you immediately, and to help you, my darling boy, to point out, and prove to our excellent uncle, that the Manor-house is grand enough for the establishment of a German count, and comfortable enough for the home of a private gentleman"—"And if he does decide to come," said Ferdinand joyfully, "who do you think is to form part of that establishment? My own dear venerable tutor, the Pastor Haller Worn out by his labours, and forbidden to work any longer, and ordered by his doctors to give up his charge and visit

some other country for a season, he has promised to reside with the count, as his chaplain and my uncle and I are in hopes, as he has lately lost his wife, that he will decide on remaining with him entirely "

September 4

The Manor-house has been purchased by the Count Von Adelberg My father is so much pleased with the prospect of securing as a neighbour a man of the Count's worth, and, in fact, an old and unforgotten friend, that he has consented to sell the place to him, with all the manorial rights, etc , attaching to it It was scarcely large enough for the Count's establishment—at least he thought so, and we were too glad to have him here to express a different opinion—he is, therefore, adding several noble rooms, and making other alterations in the house and grounds His servants are already established there , but we have prevailed on our good uncle to remain with us till his mansion is ready for him We came home from Temple Pleasance yesterday, in order to be on the spot to receive the Pastor Haller, who is daily expected He is also to reside with us, till he removes with the Count to the Manor-house

September 8

The Pastor Haller arrived last night What a privilege I feel it to be permitted to receive such a guest under my roof! What inimitable simplicity, what heavenly wisdom, what fire and yet what meekness in this venerable man! He reminds me of what I have been told of the godly Herman Franke, who was his tutor, and the friend of his early days His very countenance resembles that of Herman Franke, if one may judge by the portrait I have seen of him, the same mild, benevolent features, the same lofty brow and long white hair falling to his shoulders Now that I see him and Ferdinand together, and observe the tender affection of the good old man for his former pupil, and the love and respect of our dearest boy for him, I no longer wonder at the decided piety and singular loveliness of Ferdinand's character He is the child of the godly Pastor's prayers and the godly Pastor's teaching, prayers that brought down the blessing of the Lord God upon the precepts and the examples of the teacher I find the conversation of this good old man most spiritual and edifying I am

especially struck with his deep and unaffected humility He has more of the mind that was in Christ Jesus than any one I have ever met with He does not seem distinguished for gifts, but the graces of the Holy Spirit shine forth with a mild and steady lustre, not only in his words and actions, but in his very looks Ah, who would not say of him that in lowliness of mind he esteems others better than himself? How wonderful are the ways of God! what a ground for deep thankfulness do I find in the good providence of my God, which has brought such a minister of his Blessed Son to this place! How much do I find wanting in myself, how much may I not learn from the conversation and the example of this meek disciple of the Lamb of God! I am astonished that our beloved Constance, after having known so single minded and lovely a disciple of our Blessed Lord as this godly Pastor Haller, could ever have consented to give up the charge of her son's education, even for a time, to Mr Basil De Lyle The Pastor was, it seems, absent from A—— at the time of her return to Germany, and, after all, who can wonder at the influence obtained by so wily a Jesuit, so perfect a master of his craft, over a

weak and nervous woman as our poor sister then was It would have been grievous indeed to have seen that ingenuous and noble boy, brought under the influence of the Jesuits, corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ, and spoilt through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ But such I fear must have been the case, if, at his tender age, Ferdinand had been placed under the charge of that subtle spirit, Basil de Lyle, a very different teacher from the godly pastor Haller



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

THE good Pastor seems very happy with us He is deeply interested in the new sphere in which he is placed He has been in France, but this is his first visit to England, and he tells me that he does not think he could ever have found himself so much at home in any country as in England He sees many points of resemblance between the English and the German character, and he speaks English remarkably well, having found no difficulty in acquiring the language He is charmed with the pastoral character of our landscapes, and with the habits of our cottagers He is indeed already at home in many of their humble dwellings, and often passes his mornings in reading the Holy Scriptures to them Ferdinand is his constant companion, and they are often absent

together for hours We perceive with much pleasure that the excellent old man is daily improving in health Springhurst agrees with his constitution, its clear and bracing air seems to restore his energies, and he expresses much satisfaction in considering this place as his future abode Dear, good old man, he has already endeared himself to every one, and I am not surprised, for he seems never to neglect an opportunity of spreading his Master's kingdom, and speaking of his Master's love to all who come within the reach of his influence!

Oh the privilege, the comfort of family prayer, the thankfulness we ought to feel, and I trust do feel, for this great and precious privilege! Is it not to be admitted to the presence chamber of the King of kings? I endeavour to think of this, to realize this privilege At such seasons I say to myself, as we go to the room where the family are accustomed to assemble How we ought to rejoice!—to thank the Lord God! We are going to the presence-chamber of the King, and to bow before the throne where He sits in all His majesty and loveliness, to hear all our petitions, to accept all

that we are permitted and enabled to offer unto Him, to stretch forth His golden sceptre and graciously encourage us to plead with Him, to praise Him, and to thank Him Yes, to thank Him, let me still bear this in mind! whatever the prayer or the supplication or the request, it must be accompanied by thanksgiving I hope and I think that I do love to thank and to praise the Lord, but I still mourn over a too unthankful spirit

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The design which I have kept constantly before me, since I came to this place, has been to cultivate among my flock a spirit of humility, that lowliness of mind which is declared by the apostle to be "the mind that was in Christ." In this I did but follow the example of my admirable friend, Mr Falkland He rightly considered a lowly mind as the only ground of all life and growth in godliness I rejoice to think that clear views and sound doctrines are held by the little body of true believers in this parish, but I should not rejoice as I do in them, did I not see that they are still more distinguished by a lovely, Christ-like humility It is on this lowly

ground also that a spirit of love to myself and to one another has sprung up Mr Falkland was here in like manner my guide One of the maxims which he kept ever before the people was this knowledge, that is mere knowledge, puffeth up, but charity edifieth, that is, love buildeth up I found these words in Greek, cut into the upper cornice of the large long bookcase in the study, immediately over the shelves where his favourite works on controversial divinity were ranged Ἡ γνῶσις φυσιοι, ἡ δὲ αγαπη οικοδομεῖ Our good German pastor has been speaking to me of the state of this parish He has noticed the humility and the affection among my beloved people to which I refer "Yes, my dear friend," he said, "I rejoice to think that I may say of your flock 'See how these Christians love one another'" I have indeed cause for thankfulness upon the retrospect of the past. The goodness of God to me, both in my ministerial and domestic life, fills my heart with gratitude, and my mouth with praise, but O what a call for deep humiliation! Who and what am I to be so honoured and blessed of God, I, who am not worthy of the least of all His mercies? O give me, gracious Lord, a more

subdued will, not only with regard to great events, but to every least occurrence, not in one thing, nor in many things, but in everything

I am much struck with the habits, and management of time of this excellent clergyman calm and quiet as he is, he evidently considers it a sin to waste any portion of the day, and studies to pass, as he has told me, every day, as if it were his last. How much am I daily learning from him I am an early riser, but I was surprised a few mornings ago, by finding that he was still earlier than myself in his habits I was tempted by the fineness of the morning to take my Bible from my study table, instead of sitting down there as usual for an hour or two before breakfast and I thought that I would seek a favorite retreat,—the pleasant summer-house at the end of the old nut-tree walk in the garden, As I left the house, the sun was rising with such gorgeous splendour above the hills in the direction of Springhead, that instead of taking the direct path to the summer-house, I took the more circuitous way by the path that skirts the lawn, and was soon standing on the brow of the sloping hill, on the eastern side of the old summer-house, which commands a

full view of the open country There I stood watching the glorious rising of the golden orb, and as I opened my book, and the slanting rays fell upon the sacred pages, and lit up the words of life, my spirits rose, and my whole heart was filled with gladness The returning light of the early sunbeams had never seemed so welcome, or so beautiful to me and as I breathed the freshening air, I felt as if I drank in an elixir of health with its pure reviving influences I was beginning to read the fiftieth Psalm—"The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken, and called the earth, from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined" I stopped,—my attention was arrested—slowly, solemnly, and most sweetly, the soft notes of an air of exquisite melody rose upon the stillness of that early hour at first, the sounds seemed to me those of an instrument of music, but I soon perceived that the instrument was the human voice, or rather two voices singing in parts, with perfect harmony, a hymn of praise to the Lord God The voices were full, and rich in tone, and so admirably true the one to the other, that I could sometimes have thought I heard but one voice I stood listen-

ing to them, almost breathless with delight and admiration, fearful lest a movement of mine should interrupt those sweet and soothing sounds

When the hymn ceased, I turned my head and looked up at the window of the summer-house, for it was from thence those mysterious sounds had proceeded the window stood open, and then a voice, which I recognized as that of the Pastor Haller, was alone heard He was reading aloud in German the same magnificent Psalm, on which my own eyes had been before fixed in my English Bible I read German, having learnt to do so from Lucy, who speaks it with as much ease as English The last words were yet sounding in my ears "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God"—when I quietly stole away, and sought the entrance of the old nut-tree walk, by which I now made my approach to the summer-house It is a square building, open in front, and supported by pillars, and raised by a few steps about the level of the garden It was built of some old pieces of dark oak, which were thrown aside and sold, on the rebuilding of squire Adams's house, at Hailbridge

Such fine old carved wood is thought little of in the present day—I must say indeed that I think the style of building and of furniture now in fashion, deplorably poor and ungraceful Mrs Adams and her daughters would not let the kind old squire rest till they had pulled down the old hall, and built a spruce modern house, which they have furnished according to the newest fashion, and the carved oaken pillars and panels once in Harbridge Hall are now to be found in the summer-house in my garden, and some of the stained glass which was also sold, is in the casement windows of the said summer-house

It was as I supposed The voices I had heard were those of the Pastor Haller and Ferdinand The Pastor was sitting by the open window, his large German Bible open before him, his finger placed upon some passage of the inspired word, to which he was doubtless directing the attention of his youthful companion, for his face was turned towards him as he spoke Ferdinand stood leaning on the back of his chair, his brow knit with earnest thought, and his eyes fixed intently on the countenance of the Pastor They were both so entirely occupied by the subject of their conversation, that

I was standing before them at the entrance of the summer-house for some moments, unnoticed by either of them The Pastor Haller was speaking to Ferdinand of the character of Daniel, of his manly decision and holy simplicity, and of his fearlessness of man, and how all these great qualities were blended with so much of divine wisdom, and winning gentleness, that he was evidently enabled during the whole term of his sojourn at Babylon, to preserve his inflexible integrity, and his purity of life, and to maintain so lovely a consistency in the eyes of all men—his enemies being his judges—in the midst of the most ensnaring corruptions, and the most unbounded licentiousness that they could find none occasion or fault against him, except concerning the law of his God

The Pastor was the first to see me, and though he turned towards me a glance of recognition, he did not, at first, cease speaking and when he did so, he mildly said "The importance of the subject before us, dear friend, will be a sufficient apology to you, for my not rising to greet you with my morning salutations My Ferdinand and I have already enjoyed many a delightful season at these quiet morn-

ing hours, in this pleasant summer-house I love the sacred inscription you have placed above its entrance it raises my heart to that frame in which we ought to contemplate all the dealings of our gracious God with us Ah! my friend, this is one great reason why I love to be with you, and find myself so happy in this place I find you awake, as it were, to a duty, nay, a privilege which is so rarely met with even in the society of God's own people, and one, alas! in which I sorrowfully confess I have been shamefully wanting But here I find all thankful, and everywhere thankfulness, it may be almost said to be graven on your door-posts, it meets the eye upon the very articles in use upon your table"—(he here alluded to the motto, which has belonged to our family for some centuries)—'THINK AND THANK!' "Yes," he repeated, "who would not praise Him? Who that can think of all His goodness can do otherwise than thank Him? It is delightful to rise betimes, is it not, my friend?" he added, "and to welcome the return of light with songs of praise to Him, who has made the sun the type of His incarnate self, and has risen indeed as the sun of righteousness upon this long benighted world, with healing in

his wings I would wish to look upon a new day as a precious gift to me from God, to realize the unspeakable importance of the new day—the present day I well remember the golden words of my beloved Herman Franke "I reflect," said he, "that all my precious days have departed into eternity, and that I have therefore to forget them, but that with the present day, I must make a real new beginning, in order to spend it as the first and the last — as the first, that a new and vigorous power may be excited in me, for the accomplishment of the Lord's work, and as the last, that it may seem to me, as if afterwards there was no time remaining to retrieve what I might neglect on this day "—"You are right, my excellent friend," I replied, "in calling those words, golden words, and you do indeed begin the day in the best manner, with your hymn of praise I heard, unseen by you, that noble hymn which Ferdinand and you were singing together The air is magnificent, as much from its simplicity, as its melody "—"It is by a young countryman of mine," he said, "named Haydn, whose genius is beginning to be acknowledged throughout all Germany He is of humble parentage, but he has already raised himself

to the first rank of modern composers In originality and imagination, he is almost without a rival "—"I cannot help regretting the neglect of so glorious a part of the worship of Almighty God, as singing," I replied, "for it is much neglected in this country, and yet it appears to me a most fitting channel for praise and thanksgiving We have hired singers in our churches, and hired choristers in our cathedrals, and we do not often find much devotion in such persons but the singing of a congregation, either in a private house or in a church, is rare indeed We need men with the spirit of a Luther among us, realizing the fine exhortation of the apostle 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms' Your great reformer indeed went beyond this, for when he desired to rejoice before God in tribulation, he was wont to say 'Let us sing,'—and the psalm that he chose was well suited to fill the fearful soul with confidence in God. Come, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm"

November 3

Ferdinand has just quitted the room I have not yet recovered the astonishment occasioned by what has taken place between us I had not till now the

most distant idea of what has been working in his mind since his return The more I think of this conversation, the more do I feel convinced that the state of mind to which he has been brought, is the work of God, and if it be, the work will stand

He was sitting opposite me in my study, and more than once he raised his head, and his eyes met mine he seemed as if about to speak, but again he cast down his eyes, and did not "What is it?" I said at length, "there is something on your mind, my Ferdinand, which you wish to tell me Why are you so silent?"

"My mind misgives me," he replied gravely, "but you are right, my father, I do wish to speak, my heart is full, and I know that you are the one whom I am bound, as much by affection and inclination, as by duty, to consult." He rose up, drew near, and stood respectfully before me "What I am about to say is no mere sudden fancy, lightly conceived, or lightly considered by me It has been for some length of time the one fixed and settled thought of my whole soul Before I returned to you—in the midst of the camp, this one thought was ever present with me, and since I returned home,

it has rooted itself deeply in my heart Do not, I entreat you, when I have told you,—do not for a moment suppose that I have spoken till after deep searchings of heart, and much anxious, earnest prayer do not accuse me of loving change I ask for your consent, nay more, for your approval, of the step which I desire to take It is the first wish of my heart to become a minister of the Gospel, and thus to devote myself to the service of the God of all grace You may perhaps tell me that it is quite possible to do this in the profession to which I now belong, and to a certain extent I fully agree, but surely, when the daily calling in the world is that of the pastor of Christ's sheep, I may thus make a more entire dedication of myself to God, than in any other way I do not speak now of the pure and peaceful happiness of the ministerial life I would rather say The love of Christ constraineth me to spend and to be spent as a minister of His sanctuary, and as a pastor of His sheep I have the less scruple in avowing my wishes on this subject as the war is over, and a season of peace has set in I know, from what your kind brother tells me, that there is some fear of a war breaking out

in our American Colonies, and if such an event were to occur, I have no hesitation in saying how deeply I should deplore the duty by which I might be compelled to raise my hand against my own countrymen—for such the American colonists surely are However, I put this consideration also out of the question I speak only of the single desire of my whole soul, should God so order it, to take holy orders, and to live the life to which you and my beloved Pastor Haller have devoted yourselves Will you consult together, and if you should find, on searching me deeply, that you can approve my choice, will you allow me to ask you (not to decide for me, I do not wish that)—but will you allow me to decide for myself I do not ask for this permission immediately I do not request you to give me any reply at present" He was silent for a few minutes, and then with a still deeper solemnity of look and voice he said "To follow Him, who shed His costly blood for me, to bear the message of His unspeakable love from house to house, to stand forth as a witness for Him, and proclaim the unsearchable riches of His kingdom, to feed the flock of God, which He hath purchased with His own

blood, to feed His lambs—His sheep, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, to know nothing but Christ crucified—This is the one thought, the one desire of my whole heart and soul" I was still silent, I could scarcely believe my eyes that Ferdinand stood before me, he seemed to me another creature, and stood forth altogether in a new character I had seen him grave and thoughtful before, but the profound humility, the manly earnestness, the energy of a deep-fed burning zeal, all concentrated and all directed to the calling of a lowly Christian pastor—all this I saw, and I saw it, where I had never seen, or thought to see it,—in the young and ardent soldier before me He fixed his eyes mildly but steadily upon me, and he said "I do not think you are displeased with me, my father, and yet I fear you are"

"Dear, noble boy," I answered, "I am perplexed, astonished, taken wholly by surprise, but displeased—O no, I am not displeased, never have I been so much pleased with you as I now am, never have I loved you so tenderly as I now do but you are right in asking for no sudden decision

as to the advice I may give you You have come to me as your friend, your father, and I must think, I must pray, that I may fulfil faithfully the trust so sacredly reposed in me God bless you, my own child, and guide and strengthen you" His whole face, which had hitherto been pale, was now brightly flushed, and his earnest eyes beamed with affection, as he clasped my hands and said "Yes, you are more than a father to me" I pressed him to my heart not another word was spoken, and we separated

November 1

I have consulted the good Pastor Haller on the subject of the above mentioned interview His countenance brightened when he heard what Ferdinand had said to me Instead of raising objections, he replied "Almost the first wish of my heart will be gratified, to see that young man a minister of Christ I hoped for this, I prayed for it—if in accordance with God's blessed will—and I have been, till now, disappointed But I see that my anxious desire will now be realized It is plain to me that he has at length received a divine call, and I can truly say, that I have seldom met with any one so well

fitted, humanly speaking, for the office of the ministry I have known him from his birth, and I have ever looked upon him as peculiarly a child of grace, and yet while he was with me in my own country, how often did he remind me of the record given of the youthful Samuel! We are told that 'The Lord had set His love upon him', and that 'The Lord had called him', and yet the child knew not the voice,—knew not that it was the Lord that spoke unto him But I come to Springhurst, and I find him fully awakened to his high destiny as an immortal being and as an heir of glory In all that I have seen of him, and in all that he has said to me, I recognize the unfolded graces of a truly regenerate and devoted child of God I cannot, indeed, express to you, my brother, the happiness I have lately experienced in the many conversations I have had with our beloved Ferdinand Ah! if I said that since I have come to Springhurst I find everywhere thankfulness, I am sure I may add, that I find in everything a cause and a call for thankfulness to the God of all grace and love

But was Lucy, my thoughtful, heavenly-minded Lucy, forgotten in the question of Ferdinand's pro-

posed entrance upon the ministry of the Church of God? Few if any had so great a claim to be consulted, few were better qualified to take a right view, and give a right decision on the subject

After Ferdinand left me, he went immediately to his mother, and told her everything that had taken place between us With her usual quickness of perception, and clear discernment of character, she seems to have been enabled to view the subject in all its bearings, to form her judgment and to make her decision, as to the advice that she ought to give him This, however, she did not communicate at the time to him, but waited till she could hear what I thought on the subject But she entered at once into all his feelings with the warmest sympathy, and they conversed for more than an hour in the most unreserved manner, weighing every objection, and seeking to come to a right understanding and a clear perception of the path of duty

"The subject before us," said Lucy afterwards to me "seemed to resolve itself immediately into this question in which profession, and by which way, can our beloved Ferdinand give glory most effectually to God? Is it not by entering upon a calling which

demands, more directly than any other, the entire devotedness of the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, to His service? And then but one other question remains to be considered, and that is has Ferdinand received a decided call to enter upon this holy vocation?"

I found that we had come to the same conclusion, —Lucy, during the interview between herself and Ferdinand,—I, in the quiet cogitations of my own study, after Ferdinand had left me But we were both filled with an unconscious joy and before the decision of our beloved child was finally made, I suspect that both Lucy and I were taking it for granted that the point was settled, and rejoicing accordingly

December 25

The decision is made My son will obey the call, which is so evidently from God

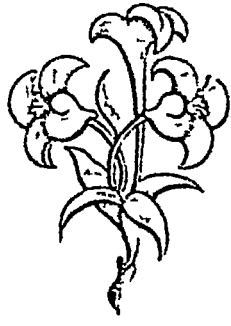
January 1

In what a state of calm and thankful happiness has this new year found us It seems to me, that we are like a company of pilgrims, who have at last reached the green pastures and the still waters we have passed through various troubles, and many dan-

Yes, He has made all things work together for good, to me and mine, and what can I do but pray that a spirit of praise and thanksgiving may be spread over the whole of our future course, whatever its character may be, even as the soft but radiant light from heaven is spread over the chequered landscape below, when it lies steeped in the lustre of a glorious sunset Surely we have cause to go on our way rejoicing, for our feet are upon the rock, and our faces Zionward, and the desire of our hearts is for a fuller and more clear assurance that we are rooted and built up in Him, and stablished in the faith, as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving"

The diary of the Rev Allan Temple here comes to a break, though not to a conclusion, and here we close our extracts We have not yet been able to put our hands on the remainder, though we believe that we know where it is to be found We spoke of him at the commencement of this volume as pursuing his quiet way, little known or noticed, in the wilderness of the world, but we had at that time no account of him before us, beyond that which is given in these pages Another packet is, how-

ever, forthcoming, containing the sequel of his story, to be published or not as may be deemed advisable I believe from what I am now told, that we shall find Mr Temple in a position very different from that in which he has hitherto appeared before the reader The reception given to this portion of the diary of Mr Temple and his gentle and pious wife, will probably determine the question whether the other portion should be published



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